WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.

THOS. E. WATSON,
Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. I. NOVEMBER, 1907. NO. 11

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THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD.

WATSON'S EDITORIALS.

HON. WHARTON BARKER'S PLATFORM.

In that part of the magazine where we publish "Letters From the People," our readers will find a communication addressed by Hon. Wharton Barker, of Philadelphia, to President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University.

Our friend Barker writes a private letter asking that we comment upon his proposed platform.

It seems to us an eminently satisfactory declaration of principles, in many respects; and a most unsatisfactory one, in others.

No radical leader would dare to face the masses on a platform catering to Plutocracy by endorsing a Tariff which protects favored industries, and which is not imposed for revenue but *for the sake of protection.*

Such a Tariff as Mr. Barker suggests would be held to be unconstitutional by any Supreme Court that was independent, honest, and competent.

Congress has legal authority to levy indirect taxes, to raise revenue for the support of the Government; but Congress has not the Constitutional power to throw its arm around the Steel Trust, or any other class of manufacturers, and to say, "We don't want your business injured by 'lower-scale nations;' and, therefore, we will build Tariff Walls to keep these lower-scale fellows out,—not because we want revenue to run the Government, but because we want to grant *you* a favor which cannot be extended to the common people of the country."

Tariffs have been maintained, thus far, upon the idea that *the Government needed the money* collected at the Custom House. Of course, all of us understand that the schedules are prepared with an eye to the protection of the favored industries, rather than to the raising of revenue. Still, no Tariff enthusiast or Standpatter has gone so far as Mr. Barker goes in his platform. Even the Hon. John Dalzell and Senator Aldrich have never declared that "Tariffs must be imposed for protection and *not for revenue.*"

It seems to THE JEFFERSONIAN that the time has come to expose the immoral, dishonest, and cruelly unjust system of protecting a few manufacturers at the expense of the millions of people who must buy their goods at extortionate prices. *England* isn't a "lower-scale nation;" and *England has shown the world how she, a Free Trade Country, can outstrip every Tariff-fettered people on earth.*

Our manufacturers have had a century of Governmental coddling; the millions of consumers have patiently endured a century of pillage and confiscation. By hundreds of millions, wealth has been taken from the unprotected masses and transferred to the protected classes. Today we see the fruit of the tree. The Standard Oil Trust clears $900,000,000 in twenty-five years, while the ten million farmers have not made more than living wages. The Steel Trust clears, every year, immensely more than all the agricultural classes combined.

And these voracious Trusts—foul spawn of our vicious Tariff System—sell their products cheaper to those "lower-scale" nations than they sell to us. "China, Japan and many European countries" can buy American goods for less than we can get them for,—the "lower scale," notwithstanding.

When the English author, H. Rider Haggard, was in this country some years ago, making a study of economic conditions, he declared, "*I see nothing but revolution and ruin in this country if you do not curb your gigantic trusts.* Prices have been elevated to the prohibitive point for all but the very rich. * * * Why, the bacon we eat in Amity on the table *costs more in Colorado, where it is made, than it does in England.*"

In other words, *protection* to American manufacturers gives cheap American products to all the world, *excepting the people of America.*

Surely, if there ever was an opportune moment to drop the horribly unjust and corrupting system of *protection,* it is *right now,* when protection divides its favors between the Trusts at home and "lower-scale" millions abroad, leaving the American millions victimized to such an extent that intelligent and observant students of our plight marvel at our patient submission.

A minority of plunderers have seized the machinery of legislation and, in the name of Law, the minority rules and robs the majority. And how has it been possible for the minority to do such a thing?

They have done it by keeping the majority divided into two great parties, each of which was controlled by the artful minority.

And one of the most effective devices by which wealth has been taken from its producer and transferred to some one else, is this Protective System which our friend Barker seems unwilling to abandon.

The proposition to build up a new party by adopting one of the most hateful and iniquitous devices of the two old parties which have so long and so faithfully helped the minority to pillage the majority, does not commend itself to THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Says W. T. Stead: "I have studied autocracy in Russia, and theocracy in Rome, and I must say that nowhere have I struck more soulless despotism than that which prevails among the masses of the

so-called free American citizens when they are face to face with the omnipotent power of the Corporations."

And this is true. The tyranny and the spoliation which we timidly endure would be incredible were not the facts so indisputable.

In Mr. Barker's eighth demand, he seems to contradict his seventh. "*Indirect taxation must be abolished.*" Tariff duties, whether laid for protection or for revenue, are indirect taxes; how then, will Mr. Barker protect American manufacturers by Tariffs imposed for protection? A Tariff implies duties, of course. It may be that Mr. Barker means Prohibitive Duties all along the line. But this can hardly be so, for in his sixth demand he says that "*Trusts which rest upon Tariff protection must have that protection taken from them.*"

Is there a single Trust which could exist *without* Tariff protection? Those from which the people chiefly suffer could not.

The Steel Trust, the Leather Trust, the Fertilizer Trust, the Harvester Trust, the Standard Oil Trust, the Sugar Trust, the Piano Trust, the Twine Trust, the Cement Trust, the Lumber Trust, the Marble Trust the Farming Tool Trust, the Coal Trust, the Dry Goods Trust, the Meat Trust, the Copper Trust—in fact, every Trust that we can think of at this moment is due directly, or indirectly to the tariff protection which makes possible a *monopoly of the Home Market.* The theory of the original Tariff makers was that competition between American manufacturers would always insure reasonable prices within the walls. But when the Tariffs were sent so high that competition from abroad ceased to be an important factor, competition within the wall was ended by the formation of the Trust.

We think Mr. Barker is not aware of that wide-spread and deep hostility to the Tariff system *which is steadily growing.* The thing for the reformers to do, is to make a declaration against all Tariff duties *imposed on the necessaries of life,* and against any Tariff duty on such articles as are manufactured, or controlled, by any Trust.

We think Mr. Barker's proposed platform deplorably weak on the subject of Transportation. He does not declare, plainly, for Government control, or for Government ownership. The reformers would assuredly not consent to see this great question side-stepped.

Finally, we venture the opinion that no reform leader can face the people in 1908 without definitely declaring himself in favor of the direct election of United States Senators by the people, the abolition of national banks, the establishment of a Parcels Post, and of Postal Savings Banks; and the adoption of a Telephone and Telegraph service, as a part of the postoffice system.

THE NEGRO QUESTION.

There are some excellent people who contend that there is no such thing as a negro question. Everything will settle itself, say these excellent people, if you will just quit talking about the alleged problem. We have swallowed something which we can't digest,—can't assimilate,—and these excellent people say that our pains, abdominal and otherwise, will cease if we'll just be silent!

When I was a boy the negroes were slaves. Living on the farm with them, I came to know them well. Quick to sympathize with those in distress, there were many incidents and circumstances which caused me to warm to the negroes. When the "Boss" laid the strap to the naked body of runaway slave, I was the first to say "Papa, don't hit him any more." When the day's work was done on the farm there was nothing I liked better than to go to the negro quarters, sit by the blazing fire, and listen to the marvelous yarns and lies of the superstitious, credulous slave. As a playmate in those days, as a companion on the hunt for coons and 'possums, who gave greater satisfaction than the negro? Who so congenial when it came to fishing in the creek or lagoon, night or day? And why? He was jolly, he had a passion for the frolic, he would take orders from the "little boss," he would tote the torch, cut the tree where the 'possum clung, would pull the seine through the lagoon, would "wait on" the white boy—who so dearly loved to be "waited on." Thus I came to know the negro nature well in slavery days, and it certainly never occurred to me *then* that the black race was a menace to the white.

Having known them from the standpoint of a slave-owner, I came to know them afterwards from the point of view of a man as poor as the poorest negro—a wanderer in search of work, without home, money, or anything else save the clothes on my back and the hopes in my heart. And here again I knew the negro and found him very, very human—sometimes good, sometimes bad, sometimes indifferent. Even then, he had not impressed me as a storm-cloud hanging over the South. True, there had been the horrible orgy of Reconstruction, but that had passed. It had seemed but an episode—a frightful episode—but, nevertheless, an episode, only. The whites had expelled the carpet-bag marplot and incendiary, control of all public affairs had been taken again by Southern men, the blacks had dropped back to their old places; negroes, as a rule, never attempted to vote and, as a rule, took no interest in politics. They were not expected at mass meetings, and did not appear. They were not looked for at the polls, and were not seen. When they *did* come up to the window, and put in a ballot for a *national* candidate, they did it

with a humility which seemed to realize that such ballots would not essentially vary the count.

I am speaking now of the *country:* what was done in the cities I do not know. But as to the *country* (at least of this State) no well-informed man will deny my statement that in the revolt of the whites against carpet-bag rule, in Georgia, the negro was swept into political nothingness along with his incendiary ally from the North.

The negro was flat on his back, politically. He did not even dare to kick. He fell back into his position as laborer; his "gee-haw" encouraged the sturdy mule in every cotton field; you could hire his wife or daughter to cook; you could get his boy to curry your horse, hoe the garden, and do general lot-work about the house. The negro of the secret-society had not been evolved. The eighteen year old strumpet was not trapesing to school; and the sixteen year old buck was not dozing in a back street by day as a preparation for a marauding expedition by night. Every town in Georgia did not *then* have, in miniature, what Atlanta sees on Decatur street in full life-size. The negro boys, girls and men who just *won't* work, and yet live and grow fat, were not in existence. The negro politician who has nothing on earth to do except to hunt for an office, and who with his insatiable appetite, insolent self-assertion, and utterly unscrupulous ambition flourishes upon the hatred which the political North bears to the South, had died with the Thad Stevens emissary who had been his original incubator. This being so, how was it that the negro got into politics again? Who sounded the trump of his political resurrection?

And that is the point which is generally overlooked. Dr. Thomas Dixon misses it in "The Leopard's Spots:" Thomas Nelson Page does not touch it in "Red Rock;" Tillman is silent about it in all of his fiery declamation.

Who called the negro back into active political life? Speaking for Georgia, I can answer without hesitation:

"We Southern white people did it." And what is true of Georgia is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief in other States of the South.

When did we white men of Georgia call upon the black voter to become arbiter of our political differences? In the famous Colquitt-Norwood campaign of 1880. Who can deny this? Had not Senator Tom Norwood taken precisely the same position on the negro question which Dr. Tom Dixon takes in "The Leopard's Spots?" Had he not boldly proclaimed the principle which Mississippi made the cornerstone of her new Constitution—an example which the Carolinas and Virginia followed by Constitutional enactment, and which Georgia has reached by the "White Primary?"

And yet do we not remember how Senator Norwood was assailed upon the hustings, throughout this State; how his attitude upon this question was advertised, exploited, and denounced; and how, amid the furious howls of the blacks who had been massed at the hustings, this brave, far-sighted and loyal-hearted leader of the whites, Norwood, was overwhelmed in a swelling torrent of public condemnation?

The Colquitt campaign of 1880 was so conducted that its net result —its most important result—was to give to the blacks a better political position than the carpet-bag emissaries of Thad Stevens had ever been able to give them.

And ever since that time we have had the negro question "on our hands." Who told the blacks in 1880, and in the years following—told them in speech and editorial—that no race had ever made such progress in civilization, in the same length of time, as theirs? We Southern whites did it—some certain ones of us—meaning well, no doubt.

God! what a blunder it was!

When has the negro race ever made *any* progress, *anywhere,* in civilization? In the Soudan? In South Africa? In San Domingo? Left to himself he makes no progress upward anywhere. In the South we have partly compelled him, and partly persuaded him, to conform to our civilization, to ape our ways, to imitate an example. Is *that* progress in civilization to such an extent that the black must be spoiled by extravagant eulogy? Does the school-girl who takes her seat at a wheezy piano and beats tin-pan melody out of a Hungarian Rhapsody, by Listz, or a Moonlight Sonata, by Beethoven, make any real progress as a musical composer? She plays what is set before her:—take away the copy and ask her to furnish some music *of her own* and a blessed silence would at once ravish the long-suffering neighbors who have heard her attempts at imitation.

So with the artist who copies a painting by Titian, Rubens, or Turner. When the daub is finished, has the copyist made any real progress which can be compared to that of the *Master* who taught him? What painting can the artist achieve unaided by the Master, or apart from the Master? *That is the true test.*

The white man carries his civilization with him wherever he goes,—imposing it upoon himself and upon others, never takes a step backward, pushes onward, upward always, in all climes. Does the negro so much as keep what the white man taught him? Look at San Domingo. Under the French it was a Garden of Eden, and the blacks, taught by the whites, were the most advanced in the world. The French were driven out, by yellow fever and insurrection, the blacks secured full control, and have held it. What has become of that fine civilization of one

hundred years ago? If there is anywhere on the globe an earthly hell, a stench in the nostrils of nations, it is this same San Domingo.

Therefore, the politicians who invoked the power of the negro vote in 1880, and inflamed his pride by such statements as I have mentioned, did harm to both races, and put in motion the ball which never ceased to roll. All the conflicts we now have, politically, grow out of the fact that we now realize the errors of 1880, and are trying to put the Djenn back into the box. Does the highest, holiest interests of the South demand that he *should* go back into the box? If so we must put him there, no matter what New England may say, no matter what Congress may do, no matter what the negro himself may threaten or attempt. Self-preservation is law to all, to nations as to individuals, and will justify any policy which is consecrated to such a purpose.

I take no stock whatever in this maudlin talk whose text is "Pity the poor negro: he was forced to come here." Every sane man knows that, in sum total, the South got the curse of slavery and the negro its blessings. Where else on earth is the negro doing so well as in the South? Where else is the black man a citizen in the true sense of the word, with schools, churches, professions, high offices, lucrative employments? Where else is the black man a leader of civilized men, an editor, and educator, a holder of patronage over the whites, an officer who can issue mandates to the whites, bishops whose words carry influence in counsels of the church, politicians whose will is felt in grave deliberations of state, school-teachers, who in New York can enjoy the luxury of beating white children; or who can, as welcome guest, sit down to meat with the ruler of eighty million people?

Suppose a white man in Germany, opposing some measure of state, were to make such speeches as are made by the negro lawyer, Hayes, and by the negro Bishop Turner,—would such an incendiary be left free to go on his jubilant way? Suppose an Irish member of the British parliament had, dared to publicly utter such language, does anybody doubt that a dungeon would have hugged him in before night?

The truth is that the negro is so much better off in this land to which he was "forced to come," than he is in any other part of the world, that he is suffering from the riotous greed, aspirations and insolence of the over-pampered favorites of his race. The great mass of the negro race is endangered by the offensive and never-ceasing self-assertion of certain leaders who have become "too big for their breeches."

When the Peoples Party sprang into life the negro question was the most perplexing one which confronted us. What should we do? If we ignored him entirely, he would become a balance of power to destroy us. Neither of the opposing parties would hesitate to use him to defeat us. Would it not be best to invite him to our meetings, give him political

education, take his guidance into Southern hands, and cultivate his confidence? If we could do this successfully, we would destroy the Republican Party, in the South. We *did* muster the negroes to our mass-meetings, we *did* educate them on political questions, we *did* draw them by thousands out of the Republican ranks. The blacks who marched with us were not Republicans in disguise any more than we whites were. We were Populists. Over our whites the mere name of Democrat had lost all powers to charm. Over our blacks the word Republican had no influence. Principles took the place of names.

The white Republicans of the South realized their danger, as the Democrats did not. Never were the white Republicans more anxious, more in dread of results, than when the Populists of Georgia declared that they would try the experiment of conceding to the negro his *political* rights. Social Equality was expressly denounced, and to every such denunciation the negroes gave enthusiastic applause. "We don't want it! We don't want it!" was their shout on the hustings all over Georgia.

The negro Populists gave us no trouble whatever. They were docile, they made no demands, our only embarrassments arose from the fact that our antagonists would make bids. But for this, the blacks would have been no trouble to manage.

With the Republicans swept out, the negro would all have been ours, for the negro is never a Democrat—with the rarest exceptions.

And with the negroes all in our ranks, the Republicans eliminated, and the Democrats defeated, we saw no danger, no general menace, in the colored race. We had him under complete control and meant to keep him so. He had been taught our principles, believed in them as we did, loved them as we did, and in many instances which came under my observation they were willing to suffer for them, just as we did.

My deliberate conviction is that we offered the best method of completely harmonizing the two races, restoring the old ties of mutual good-will and confidence which the carpet-bagger had disturbed. My purpose was to release the South from the dangers of the negro question, and *thus* liberate her from the dictation of the Northern and Eastern Democrats who compel her to accept platforms and candidates repugnant to her principles and interests. With the negro question controlled by the South, and in the South, to the full satisfaction of the negro himself, we could then have allied ourselves to the West, elected a truly Democratic president, and accomplished some truly Democratic reforms. Under our present relations with Tammany and Wall Street politicians, there is absolutely no chance for Jeffersonian Democracy.

Of course, I believed that the Populists would absorb the great bulk of the whites of the South, and that in this way the dominant race would remain united. Had Hines, who was elected in 1894, been declared Governor of Georgia, who can doubt that the mass of the whites would have been Populists at the next election? And with Populism in Georgia triumphant, who doubts what would have been the progress of our Party in other States? I believe as firmly as I believe anything that if Hines had been seated in 1894, Bryan and Jones would not have scorned the Populists in 1896; the reform elements would have voted their full strength; Bryan and a Watson man would have been elected; and the great alliance of the agricultural South with the agricultural West would have peacefully and gloriously revolutionized our Government. Before the united white men of the South, and those of the West, the negro question would have vanished. The reforms which we would have effected would have given him such solid, beneficent proofs of *our right to rule,* that the mere question of office-holding would never have cut any figure at all. *With nobody to bid against us for the negro vote, the lever of discontent would have lacked a fulcrum.*

So it seemed to me then—so it seems now; God knows how sincere I was in the faith. Yet it may be that I was wrong. The question is too complicated for dogmatism. If I erred, it was a grievous blunder, and grievously have I paid for it,—as was just. But was I wrong? I could answer better if I understood what the policy of the South is *now.*

What do we really intend to do with the negro?

If the South proclaims that the negro shall not vote, and at the same time lavishes her millions in educating him, will she not be pouring out her treasure, wrung from her white tax-payers, to increase the number of those negroes to whom the denial of the franchise is an intolerable wrong? The more you educate the negro, the more completely you Booker Washingtonize him, the greater his desire for the privileges of full citizenship, the more unendurable the exclusion from political power.

This must be obvious to all thinkers; and yet the South is developing two radically antagonistic policies: she is doing all she can to elevate the negro to the height where he will be wretched without the ballot, and at the same time she is throwing up barriers to keep him away from the polls!

What statesmanship is there in this? What *sanity* is in it?

Why make new Constitutions to exclude the negro vote, and build new colleges to educate him? The college is the masked battery which will open upon your Constitution—inevitably. And there again you have discord, strife, bitter antagonisms!

What of the great mass of negroes—the rank and file—just the common nigger—what of him?

Is he a better laborer than he was thirty years ago? Is he a better farmer? Is he more skilled in planting, cultivating, sowing, reaping? Is he more provident? Does he take better care of land, house, and stock? Does he live on a higher moral plane? Does he have any true conception of government, civilization, patriotism, religion? For thirty years his labor has been his own—has he accumulated property?

My own opinion is that most of these questions must be answered, *No.* Census figures can be quoted to prove how rapidly he has acquired wealth, but those who know how census reports are gathered will hesitate to believe them in preference to their own eyes. According to the census reports 83,000 farms in Georgia are owned by negroes. Nothing could be more deceptive than such figures. In the Congressional District where I live it can be shown that fewer negroes own farms than in 1880: and there is nothing exceptional about this District—at least, not in *that* particular. In my own county oof McDuffie, where the general wealth has increased, the wealth of the negro has diminished, until there are not a dozen in the county who own unincumbered realty. Yet the population is almost equally divided, and twenty years ago there were scores of blacks who owned unincumbered land. As a farmer, as a laborer, as a property holder, the negro is losing ground. But the schools have taught him how to read and write and the Secret Society has given him a fine conception of his own dignity. My cook used to be Aunt Lizzie Reese; she is now "Mistress Elizabeth Reese." My lot boy used to be named Bill: the other servants now address him as "Mister William." When Mister William meets, at the front door, a white lady who wants to see us, the announcement is, "There's a woman at the door." When a negress taps at the back entrance, the announcement Mister William makes is, "There's a lady who wants to see you." No lawyer, I am sure, has failed sooner or later to receive a call from the messenger of "the colored gentleman in the jail," who is cruelly " 'scused of somethin' concernin' of a hog."

The Secret Society! Who knows what its true mission is? When you note the ever-growing enmity of blacks to whites; the defiant encroaching, exasperating attitude of the younger generations of blacks; the insolence of the cook and the house servant; the surly independence and unreliability of the farm hand; the readiness with which the pistol is used upon officers of the law, as well as upon private citizens—when you consider all these things and would seek to account for such *general* changes, rest assured that much of it is due to the Secret Society.

And the horribly exceptional feature of the social problem is that nowhere else in the world do the wives and daughters of the white man

fear to get beyond the reach of his protecting arm, even on his own land and in the broad open day time!

What then are the dangers?

The highly educated negro wants social equality. The negro politician wants office. No graduate of the schools will return to the plow-handles. The leaders of the race bitterly resent their loss of the ballot. The Secret Society spreads the idea that the negro laborer can dictate terms in the home and in the field. "I'm just as good as you," is in the defiant air of nearly every black school child, every flashily garbed buck, every languishing colored maiden you meet.

And, worse than all, the white woman who has ventured out of the sight of her protectors is, to the lusts of the vagrant black brute, a temptation which even the certainty of speedy death by fire cannot check.

How are these perils to be met? By colonization? I do not think so. By restoring the ballot indiscriminately to all the blacks? By no means—that tree must now lie where it fell. By granting the franchise to a limited number,—to the *educated* blacks? They will not thank you for what you concede, and will hate you for what you withhold. You would simply be putting a deadly weapon into their hands, after having given them a provocation which they could never forgive.

My opinion is that, since the South has gone so far, she cannot take a step backward. Her own safety now demands that she make good the position she has taken. Let us say frankly that self-preservation requires that we disarm the black of his ballot, and close the door of office to him, as far as lies within our power. Social equality is something we will fight to the death. Secret Societies must apply to the county authorities for a license, without which they become illegal—their existence a misdemeanor. Vagrancy laws must be enacted, and enforced, which will make it impossible for criminal vagabonds to infest the highways, lurk about the towns, and swarm in filthy groups at the street-corners. Let every militia district have its mounted policemen. Disband every negro military force in the South. To leave guns and military organization in the hands of those whose race-aspirations you feel that you must curb, is the blindest folly. Let it also be your consistent policy to protect the law-abiding negro from the lawless white man. Make his home as sacred from trespass as your own. Defend him in his freedom of worship, in his liberty of speech, conscience and conduct. Give him absolute, ungrudging justice in the courthouse. Enforce all contracts made with him, and compel him to abide by those he freely makes. Punish swiftly, harshly, the white man who follows him to his cabin, to his church, to his social or business gatherings, and there does him violence. Keep the drunken white rowdy out of the negro car

on the railroad; punish the white vulgarian who wantonly insults him, his wife or his daughter. Let us deal honestly and justly by him, paying him what we promise, and doing for him, in every relation of life, just what we promise to do. Our Constitution requires us to teach him the elementary branches of an English education: let us do that, and stop at that. If more is to be done, do not impose it upon the tax-payer.

Should a consistent policy along these lines be adopted and enforced, the great mass of the negroes would gradually reconcile themselves to the condition of a recognized peasantry—a laboring class—within whose reach, as human beings, is every essential of happiness. The negro politician would migrate; the over-educated negro gravitate to the other side of Mason and Dixon's line; the more ambitious and restless of the race would leave the South; and their places could be taken by desirable white immigrants.

Those of the negroes who would remain, would know upon what terms they did so; would occupy the position of laborers, simply; and thus the Negro would cease to be a peril.

THE MOST ORIGINAL POEM.

What is the most original poem in the English language?

Is it Poe's "Raven?" Or is it Bret Harte's "Song of the Bullet?"

Many critics would say it is Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." Others would give the preference to Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." Among the perfectly finished Cameos of Landor, you may pick up wonderful little bits of verse that carry the music of the sea-shell in caskets as daintily fashioned as the sea-shell itself. Cowper's lines on the Ice Palace of the Russian Empress might be chosen by some, as Oscar Wilde's terribly fascinating "Ballad of Reading Goal" would be named by others. Edwin Markham's "Man With the Hoe" could not be overlooked, nor Dr. Holme's splendid outburst about the old ship "The Constitution."

God! How that last stanza rings!

Then there's the grand old ballad of Aytoun, "The Execution of Montrose," and Sir John Suckling's happiest inspiration, the lines to his mistress. Many a lover of the quaint, the curious, the original, would at once mention some little poem of Robert Herrick; others would as surely turn to Thomas Hood. So it would happen that no two judges could agree, and we should have a divided bench, no matter how earnestly the advocates might plead for a decision.

Some twenty-six years ago I was a lawyer in full practice, but my attention was arrested one day by a little poem, published in a Georgia newspaper and carrying the most unusual title of *"The Vulture and His Shadow."*

Newspaper poetry is generally good to let alone. It is apt to range itself along with the boarding-house soup, country-made coffee, domestic wine, town-girl piano playing, theological-seminary eloquence, home-made breeches, mother-in-law supervision, and sassafras tea.

But in this case the name of the poet, together with the title to the poem, were sufficient to challenge attention, and I straightway read the poem. It seemed to me then, as it seems to me *now*, that this little bit of verse is one of the most original poems in the English language.

Had it appeared in any collection of Edgar Poe's works, it would be classed as one of his best. Since Poe was done to death by ward-heelers in Baltimore, there has been no American author capable of producing the wierdly powerful lines which follow this introduction. The succession of pictures thrown upon the mind, the frightful realism, the absolute originality of the conception, the superb self-restraint in the suggestion of the horrible incident, has always seemed to me to mark this little poem as a masterpiece, unexcelled in its way by anything within my knowledge.

But Harry Edwards is a Southern genius, and who cares a hill of beans for a Southern genius? Nobody. Least of all does the South care. It is only when the outside world O. K.'s a Southern literateur that the South will notice him at all.

If James R. Randall should starve today, a monument would rise to his memory tomorrow; but nobody cares a pinch of snuff about the author of one of the best lyrics that was ever written, *while he lives.*

Joel Chandler Harris is better known in Europe than in Georgia; more highly honored in the North than here in the South.

Thos. Nelson Page was never listed as a genius by his own people until after the outside world had put "O. K." on him.

Jno. R. Thompson stayed in the South, enveloped in obscurity. Sidney Lanier went North, and became known. J. W. DuBose wrote one of the very best of American biographies; but he clung to Alabama and his genius is a whispered secret among a few. Will Harben went away from Georgia, wrote some capital novels, and the world trumpets his fame. How many Georgians know, or care to know, that there lived on the Chattahoochee River, obscure and unhonored, the greatest lyric poet since Burns? Very few.

How many Georgians know, or care to know, that there lived in poverty and neglect, in old Columbia county, as true and as gifted a poet as Moore or Longfellow? Not many.

How many North Carolinians have recognized the fact that, at Highlands, there lives a poetess, Mary Chapin Smith, whose genius has had no equal since the days of Letitia Landon?

How many Alabamians have realized the talent of Baldwin, who is dead, or Edith Tatum, who is living?

How many Virginians know that John Esten Cooke wrote the best History of their State that was ever penned,—a book which deserves to rank as a classic, side by side with Southey's "Nelson?" Not only this, but Cooke's *"Henry St. John"* is, in my judgment, one of the sanest, most graphic novels that the Revolutionary epoch ever inspired; and *Captain Ralph* is a finer, more life-like soldier than can be found in any other novel whatsoever. Dugald Dalgetty is insipid in comparison.

In the whole range of my reading, I have never come upon a passage which touched me as being more tenderly pathetic, more refined in its appeal to the heart, than the page in *"Henry St. John,"* where the gay party of Virginians, young men and women, write their names with a diamond ring on the window glass, and where the author speaks of the dimmed eyes with which the aged survivors, in the after years, come to read those names again, and call back to memory the bright morning of youth when the names were written there.

Dickens is pathetic,—by the bucket full; Bret Harte is pathetic, with artistic attention to detail; John Esten Cooke's pathos is that of actual life, phrased with no apparent striving for effect.

But what would you?

His *Surrey of Eagle's Nest,* his *Henry St. John,* his matchless *History of Virginia,*—who knows, or cares, about them? Not many.

Trashy stuff like Churchill's "Crossing" sells by the car load. Impossible hogwash, like Lewis' "Andrew Jackson," holds the stage. Jack London, Gertrude Atherton, and scores of other sensationalists, hold the world in thrall. A hundred thousand copies of these absurd books sell today, and are forgotten tomorrow. Vicious rubbish, like "The Garden of Allah," throws into ecstacies both the old world and the new. Nobody seems to realize the essential falsity and morbidness of such books.

The fine old men of Letters like Cooke and Simms and Kennedy and Baldwin and Tyler are unknown, even among their own kith and kin.

The finest "Peggy O'Neal" that ever got into print had not even been heard of by Alfred Henry Lewis, when he wrote his ludicrous story which bears the same title. The "Peggy O'Neal" that *was* entrancing romance, and first-cousin to reality, was written by Tyler, and published in Dr. Bledsoe's old "Southern Review."

Written by a Southern man and published in a Southern magazine, it had no more chance to live than a block of ice in Hades. It died in the act of birth, of course. When I saw what a mess Lewis was making out of Andrew Jackson and Peggy, I wrote to him—for, really, I am a good-hearted old thing, don't you know?—and asked him why he did not read Tyler's *Peggy. "Never heard of it before,"* was Al's innocent answer.

But dear me!—it is time I was letting you get at Harry Edward's poem,—here it is:

* * * * * *

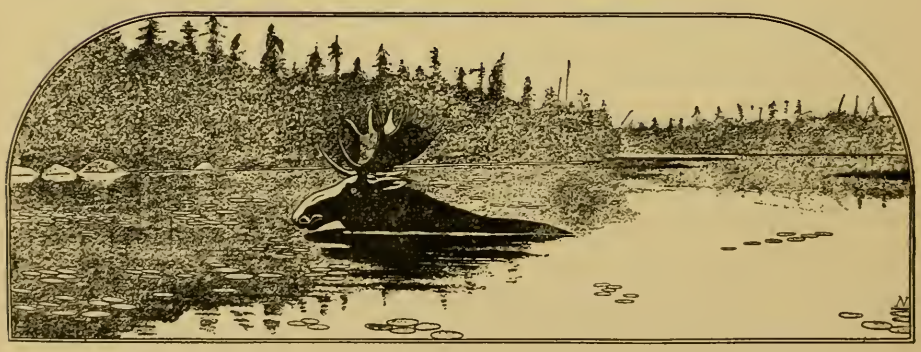
The Vulture and His Shadow.

"All day long we roam, we roam, my shadow fleet and I,
One searches all the land and sea, and *one* the trackless sky,
But when the call of death ascends, my airy flight to greet,
As friends around a festal board, we meet! we meet! we meet!

"Ah, none can read the signs *we* read, no eye can fathom the gales;
No tongue may whisper *our* secret deed, *for dead men tell no tales;*
The spot on the plains is miles away, but *our* wings are broad and fleet;
The wave-tossed speck in the eye of the day is far, but we meet! we meet!

"The Voice of the battle is Haste! O Haste! and down the wind we speed;
The voice of the wreck moans up from the deep, and we search the rank sea weed;
The maiden waits all the livelong day for the sound of her lover's feet;
She *wonders* to see us *speeding by,* she would *shudder* to see us *meet.*
L'Envoi.

"Sweeping in circles my shadow and I,
Leaving no mark on land or sky,
The double circles are all *complete*
At the bedside of death; We meet! *We meet!*"



A WORD ON THE TARIFF.

The United States pass Tariff laws to "protect" our laborers against the "pauper labor" of Europe.

Europe passes Tariff laws to "protect" European laborers from the "pauper labor" of America.

Where is this pauper laborer, anyhow?

Europe says he's *here*, and America says he's *there*.

The truth is, the laborer is a pauper in both places, and it is the Tariff which chains him to the very mud-sill.

The heart and soul of the Tariff system is the monopoly of the home market, which a Tariff gives to the protected capitalists of each country.

* * * * * * * *

Colbert was the French statesman who fathered the modern Tariff system.

He imposed duties upon foreign goods for the express purpose of giving to the home manufacturer the monopoly of the home market.

To claim that duties upon foreign goods are laid for any other purpose than to shut off competition with the home manufacturer, is the merest subterfuge.

* * * * * * * *

In England, a laborer gets a larger share of what he produces in the mills, than is paid to the laborer here.

Yet England is a Free Trade country, while ours glories in the highest Tariff duties ever known in the history of mankind.

All over continental Europe labor receives less than in England:—yet each nation of continental Europe has its Tariff duties to "protect" its laborers, while England has none.

* * * * * * * *

If the Tariff is such a good plan to protect the American laborer from the onslaught of the Canadian, Mexican, or European laborers, why wouldn't it be a good thing for each State to adopt a Tariff so as to "protect" the laborers of each State from the competition of the others?

And if it would be well to protect our laborers by States, why not protect them by counties?

Why shouldn't each county shut out the competition of every other county?

This reasoning is of course absurd, but the entire system is built upon that sort of logic, and no other.

It must be a source of infinite amusement to the millionaire manufacturers of each nation, when they meet at Carlsbad, or Paris, or Monaco, or Vienna, (during their summer vacations) to recall the artful

methods by which they humbug the toilers of each nation into voting for a system which gives all the taffy to the workman and all the wealth to the capitalist.

* * * * * * * *

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

Suppose you judge the Tariff systems of the world by that rule.

The American laborers have been paternally protected for 100 years by our precious Tariff laws.

Where are *your* private palace cars, Mr. Laborer?

In what sea, pray you, sir, rides *your* imperial yacht?

What "deer park" have *you* leased in Scotland, what summer home have *you* in the Riviera?

What is *your* number on Fifth Avenue, and which is *your* cottage at Newport?

Was it *your* daughter that bought the Italian prince in the matrimonial market, or did she have to content herself with merely an English lord?

Was it *your* wife who bedecked her ball-room with $1,500 in flowers, and crowned herself with Marie Antoinette diamonds?

And I pray you, Mr. Laborer, was it *you* who hired the Pinkertons to shoot down the poor Carnegies and Fricks at Homestead?

Was it *you* who let 1,400 Havemeyers and Brices and Rockefellers and Allisons beg for bread in Hocking Valley—the very cradle of the "Protective" system?

Was it *you* who answered the piteous appeal of poor down-trodden corporations with the stern command,

"Give 'em lead?"

Was it *you* who sized up what you owed the public, in return for what the public had done in protecting you, by saying

"The public be damned?"

Answer these questions, Mr. American Protected Laborer, and you will then begin to realize who it is that protection protects.

A PAGE FROM HISTORY.

On the last page of the first volume of his "Conquest of Peru," Mr. Prescott, the historian, tells us that when Pizarro and his victorious companions came to a division of the gold and silver they had stripped from shrine, temple, and palace, the quantity was so great that the relations of commodities in the markets were very seriously disturbed. The price of gold and silver went down and the prices of other things went up. That is, it required a larger amount of silver and gold to purchase other products.

The historian says:

"A quire of paper was sold for ten *pesos de oro.*"

A *peso de oro,* as Mr. Prescott explains on page 454, was equal to $11.67 of our money.

Therefore the quire of paper exchanged for $116.70, in gold.

Mr. Prescott further says:

"A bottle of wine sold for sixty *pesos de oro;* a sword for forty or fifty; a cloak for an hundred, and sometimes more; a pair of shoes cost thirty or forty *pesos de oro,* and a good horse could not be had for less than twenty-five hundred."

Turning these prices into their equivalents in our money, we have the following interesting table of values, in Peru, in the year of our Lord 1533:

A bottle of wine	$ 700.20
A sword	466.80
A cloak	1,167.00
A pair of shoes	350.10
A horse	29,175.00

All payable in gold or silver.

The people of Peru had no knowledge of money. They had no paper or coin currency. Barter and exchange was their only mercantile device. One commodity had to swap for another on its merits:—those merits being determined by usefulness, and supply and demand.

Those among us who object to the issue of legal tender notes by the Government, never tire of reminding us of the paper money of the dead Confederacy—forgetting that the land has been flooded time and again by the worthless paper of dead banks.

Yet there is in Mr. Prescott's brilliant narrative abundant proof that if you will take away from gold and silver the special favors given them by statute law, they will do just what Confederate money did—sink to a commodity basis.

When a horse brings twenty-nine thousand dollars in gold, we get a very instructive lesson in the science of "intrinsic value."

When a pair of shoes command three hundred and fifty dollars in gold, even a Wall street Democrat ought to be able to see that gold, when left by law to shift for itself, is at the mercy of the currents of commerce just as other commodities would be under a natural system.

There are few products of the earth which have less "intrinsic value" than gold. You can't even make money out of it without hardening it with other metals.

Repeal our absurd and monopolistic currency laws, and gold would shrink away from the approval of mankind, as compared to iron, and copper, and coal.

The human family has no want to which gold is indispensable. We can eat, drink, clothe ourselves, and house ourselves, and we can develop mind, body and soul to the utmost limits without the aid of gold. Put the race down to its legitimate wants, its healthy aspirations, its noblest purposes, and gold would absolutely cut no figure in the lofty civilization which would follow.

It is only when a nation is growing corrupt that the mad craze for wealth breaks down all natural laws, and legislation is prostituted to the ambition of those who seek to plunder industry of its legitimate returns through the secure method of financial manipulation.

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD.

As we are closing the forms for the November number of the Magazine, we leave a critical situation, in Georgia, hanging in the balance. The Central Railroad which long ago forfeited its charter by actively aiding the Cotton-Seed Oil Trust to crush the independents, and by violating the Constitution of the State in merging itself with the Southern Railway, *is now fighting the laws of Georgia.* Called into existence by a Georgia law, fattened for generations on special powers, privileges and immunities which were granted by the Georgia Legislature, this corporation has become the property of non-residents who seem to be determined to defy the laws and the people of Georgia.

Although the Central was scientifically wrecked a few years ago by a hand of thieves who were led by the notorious Pat Calhoun; although the stockholders were mercilessly robbed of their investment; although the holders of the Income Bonds have been selling out for 62 cents on the dollar; although the corporation is so poor that it commits perjury to escape just taxation, *it is rich enough to hire the best lawyers* in Georgia to fight the Governor, the Railroad Commission and the people. Not satisfied with the best legal talent of Georgia, the poor Central *has gone all the way to Wisconsin* to secure the powerful aid of ex-Senator John Spooner whose career in the United States Senate was that of a corporation lawyer using his Senatorial position to serve his clients.

The poor Central probably paid Spooner not less than $10,000,—which expense will, of course, be charged up against the public in the next "Confiscatory" plea.

JOHN SPOONER.

What is it that Spooner and the poor Central are trying to do?

They are trying to get Judge Newman, of the Federal Court, *to forbid Hoke Smith to obey his oath of office to enforce the laws of Georgia.*

In other words, Spooner and the poor Central are trying to have Judge Newman take the position that *a State cannot act as a State unless a Federal Judge says that it may.*

The JEFFERSONIAN predicts that Judge Newman will *not* be wheedled or coerced into taking any such monstrous position.

The JEFFERSONIAN also predicts that Governor Hoke Smith will never submit to having *his legal rights and* DUTIES *as Governor* restricted by the corporation lawyers and their clients.

* * * *

It must be apparent to all, that *a*

republican form of government is not preserved where a non-elective official can exert absolute control over the acts of the legislature or executive, either state or national.

The moment some weak-kneed President or Governor permits a Federal Judge to encroach upon the Executive or Legislative, the just *balance of power* is destroyed, and *the equilibrium,* which the Fathers sought to establish, is at an end.

The only way to check Judicial usurpation is to *assert the Executive.*

To say that a Federal Judge can take away the sovereign rights of a State, simply because some insolent corporation lawyer disapproves the laws of the State, is a monstrous proposition.

The people are never going to submit to it.

* * * *

If the non-resident corporations were deliberately bent upon having their charters revoked, and their property transferred to the States, *under the orderly procedure of enforcing the State's right of Eminent Domain,* they could not adopt a plan better calculated to serve their purpose than this constant false-swearing to escape taxation, false-swearing to escape reasonable rate reductions, truculent resistance to State laws, and contemptuous indifference to Public Opinion.

* * * *

Very significant was the failure of the Telegraphers' Strike. The country does not love the Telegraph Companies; on the contrary, there is a strong under-current of dislike for these watered-stock combinations which charge such excessive rates and give such defective service. But the strike did not appeal to the people. The cause for it did not seem to be sufficient. To throw the business of a great nation into confusion because an officer of the company, in New York, discharged a young woman whom he found unsatisfactory, did not seem right. A general strike was not the proper remedy for a wrong of that kind. In every business, there *must* of necessity be the reserved power of selecting employees. No organization whatsoever should have the authority to dictate to you or me the choice of employees. If we break a contract with an employee, the Courts will give ample and immediate redress. Juries are always in sympathy with the working class, rather than with the employing class.

If you or I improperly discharge an employee, there is absolutely no escape for us: we must pay damages for the breach of the contract.

Therefore, when that young woman in New York was dismissed by the Telegraph Company *on the charge that she got drunk,* the Labor Union which took up her quarrel had the amplest opportunity to mulct the Company, and the officer who made

WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

the accusation, in tremendous damages, *if the accusation was groundless.*

But the Labor Unions *punished the whole country* by a general strike, *instead of punishing the wrong-doers.*

And the whole country *resented the injustice of being punished for something which it had not done.*

* * * *

The Independence League of William Randolph is carrying its independence to a very great length indeed. Perhaps the copyright gives it greater freedom of action than it would otherwise enjoy.

Two years ago, New York Democracy and its leader, Murphy, were held up to the scorn of the disgusted universe by William Randolph. His editors and cartoonists and reporters could never exhaust the supply of Murphy infamies. The afflicted readers of the Hearst papers had Murphy for breakfast, Murphy for luncheon, and Murphy for six-o'clock dinner. Pictured as a thug, as a burglar, as a thief, as a murderer, as a felon in chains and stripes, Murphy passed before us in all the stages of criminality.

Then, all at once, the guns ceased firing, and we learned, in speechless amazement, that William Randolph had formed a political partnership with Murphy!

We looked on, in mute and helpless agony, while Hearst and Murphy bludgeoned the State Democratic Convention of New York. We wept unavailing tears as we saw Murphy climb back into power over Hearst's shoulders and then *knife Hearst.*

Now, there is another tale to tell: William Randolph has formed a copartnership with the wicked Republicans, and Murphy has, once more, become a bad, bad man. Afflicted readers of the Hearst papers may as well get ready to learn all about Murphy again. Let us hope that we shall, at least, have a brand new lot of cartoons, and not those old fellows of two years ago.

* * * *

During the month of October, the Hon. Harvie Jordan, President of the Moribund Southern Cotton Association, succeeded in holding a much-heralded Conference in Atlanta, Ga., *between Cotton Spinners and Cotton Growers.* The Conference proved to be quite a Love-Feast. Many speakers made speeches. These speeches were of the variety known as "neat and appropriate." It would seem that everybody got happy. Nobody appears to know why the Grower of Cotton was feeling so complacent, but most of us can guess why the Spinner was glad.

The Spinner is the fortunate person who has so contrived the laws of the land that he can weave 3,000 yards of calico out of a bale of cotton, at the cost of about $102,—which

HARVIE JORDAN.

calico he can sell at not less than 5 cents per yard. The Spinner, therefore, makes a clear profit of about $50 on each of the 12,000,000 bales of cotton which the Grower produces annually. The Grower, himself, as shown by the official reports, makes no profit whatever. He makes wages, and that is all. The bale of cotton, made into calico, is bought back by the Grower for about $210. He sold it for less than $60.

The secret purpose of the Hon. Harvie Jordan's moribund Southern Cotton Association seems to be *to bring about such friendly relations between Grower and Spinner that the Grower will never complain of selling a bale of cotton at $60 and buying it back at $210.*

* * * *

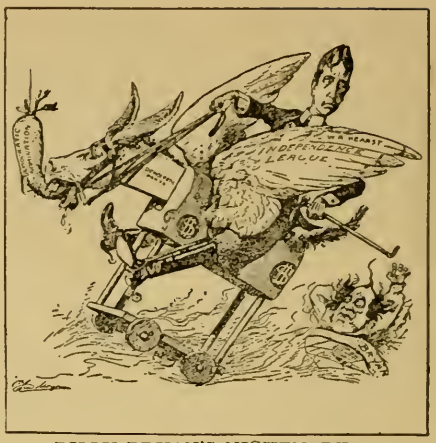
As we go to press, Mr. Bryan is on his way to Atlanta to make a speech at the Fair Grounds. He has been making addresses at various places on his journey Southward, but has not yet announced any definite conclusion concerning that third race for the Presidency.

The Hon. John Temple Graves, who startled the country by advising Mr. Bryan to nominate Mr. Roosevelt, calls upon Mr. Bryan to "speak out," while making his Atlanta address, and tell his friends what he means to do. Mr. Bryan will probably heed the advice, and make his intentions known. Nobody will be stupefied with surprise if Mr. Bryan should declare himself a candidate for a third time.

Such announcement will logically and inevitably bring Mr. Roosevelt into the race for a Third Term.

No Republican, excepting Mr. Roosevelt, can beat Mr. Bryan in 1908.

Bryan would make a monkey out of Fairbanks,—and would walk over Taft with ease.



BILLY BRYAN'S NIGHTMARE.
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

If Mr. Bryan is ever to be President, 1908 is his time. If he should not enter the race, or if he *should* run and be defeated, he will never be President. By 1912, William Randolph Hearst will be in the saddle, and no power on earth can unhorse him.

This wonderful young millionaire has grown and grown, until he is, today, the most resourceful politician in the United States,—*excepting nobody.*

He has cut in between Bryan and the radicals, and nothing is left to Bryan but to retrace his steps and play second fiddle to Hearst, or to go onward *and get himself classed as a "safe and sane" conservative.*

Hearst may not be quite ready to contest the leadership with Mr. Bryan in 1908 but, *after that,* Mr. Bryan will have to fight to hold his place.

* * * *

As we go to press, the death of the Emperor Joseph, of Austria-Hungary is imminent. It is predicted that the Emperor's death will bring to an end the political connection of Austria and Hungary. If this should prove to be the case, it is probable that still

THE BACK-FIRE.
—*From Puck.*

further disintegration will take place. As is well known, Austria is the least homogeneoous of empires, and the various peoples who have been kept within it by force may assert their nationality, just as Hungary is expected to do.

* * * *

In Morocco, all is chaos. The Sultan is no longer respected or feared; the insurgent chief, Raisuli, has been able to compel Great Britain to pay a large ransom for the captive Sir Harry MacLean; the Pretender to the throne waxes stronger and becomes bolder; the French are despatching troops to Magador, and the horrors of Casablanca may be repeated.

* * * *

In Russia, the continual massacres which take place in various parts of the empire, resemble the operation of American railroads. During the past year, the Government has killed 2,381 persons, and the people have slain 8,200.

These casualties just about equal the annual slaughter by the railroads of our enlightened country.

The newly-elected Duma will meet during this month, November. Under the arbitrary rules prescribed by the Government, the elections were controlled by the large land-owners and, therefore, the Duma which convenes soon will probably do more *for practical reform* than was possible for its predecessors. By attempting to do everything at one time, the former Dumas accomplished nothing. The present Congress, being composed of *men who are not feared as destructionists,* may be able and willing to really do something to bring about beneficent changes in the law and in the administration of the distracted empire.

* * * *

In New York, a Cooper Union meeting, called to give expression to the views of American Catholics on anti-papal riots in Italy, was violently interrupted by a mob of alleged Socialists.

If the disturbers of this Cooper Union meeting were really Socialists, that is one time when the JEFFERSONIAN would have joined the Socialists. This business of holding meetings in the United States, to denounce anti-clerical doings in Europe, has gone quite far enough. The slippery politicians of the Vatican know that they are despised in Rome and detested throughout Continental Europe, where their double lives and evil machinations are *known;* hence their persistent endeavors to gain influence in America and *to throw that influence back upon Europe.*

Vice-President Fairbanks was utterly forgetful of the proprieties of his high office when he attended a meeting of Catholics, in Washington, wherein our sister Republic, France, was denounced for doing just what our forefathers did—decreeing the separation of Church and State.

In New York, particularly, the Catholic hierarchy has manifested a fixed purpose to bring Public Opinion, in the United States, to bear upon European situations. All this is wrong.

The cowardice of the ordinary American politician in dealing with

the Catholic hierarchy is, indeed, difficult to exhaust; nevertheless, it *may* be overdrawn. In which case, the hierarchy might lose a number of good things which they now enjoy, *in absolute and contemptuous violation of law.*

* * * *

President Roosevelt has been taking a trip down the Mississippi River, in response to a formal invitation from the Governors of "Valley" States, and of the Business Men's League of St. Louis. The voyage has for its primary object the encouragement of the projected Lakes-to-Gulf Waterway. This magnificent plan for a deep-water connection of the Lakes and the Gulf, promises immense benefits to the whole country. First of all, it would afford immediate relief in the matter of heavy freight transportation. Mr. Roosevelt's powerful influence in favor of the contemplated work will probably result in some action being taken by Congress when it meets in December.

As we go to press, Mr. Roosevelt is camped in the cane-brakes of Louisiana, where he hopes to do about and kill a bear.

Apparently the Presidential secret leaked out, and the bears got notice in time to vacate. The hospitable Louisianians who have the President in charge should have managed differently. They do these things better in Europe.

THE NATIVE—"BEARS OR DELEGATES?"
—Detroit Journal.

THOMAS P. GORE,
The blind Senator-elect from the State of Oklahoma.

* * * *

At Bellingham, in the State of Washington, and at Vancouver, in British Columbia, the whites have been attacking Japanese immigrants. White laborers are determined to prevent the incoming of low-priced Japs, Chinamen, Hindus, and other oriental races, men who can live on a handful of rice, work twelve hours a day and get rich on a wage of twenty-five cents. International complications, treaties, pow-wows and diplomatic genuflexions cannot alter the fundamentals of human nature. The Caucasian *knows* that his is the superior race, and his vital instincts

MISS KATE BARNARD.

Who succeeded in having child labor and compulsory education clauses incorporated in the Oklahoma constitution.

rebel against the proposed degradation of *equality* with the inferior races.

All the treaty-making on earth *isn't going to make the Caucasian a colored man, or the colored man a Caucasian.*

It will not be very long before the Pacific slope will understand the attitude of the Southern whites on the Negro question.

* * * *

Welcome Oklahoma!

The JEFFERSONIAN is proud to hail you the Forty-sixth State, and to eulogize you for having stoutly stood by your Constitution. It is the most modern and democratic organic law that any State can boast. With your Referendum, you have given the people a trowel with which they can relay the foundations and repair the walls whenever there is need.

THE AWAKENING.

BY ITALY HEMPERLY.

"Tell me all you know of my mother." Dr. Andre's voice was full of gentle persuasion.

The elder man took off his glasses and pushed back the white hair from his broad brow. Then he spoke slowly. "Since you, her son, ask it, I will. But to no one else would I say the things I would say to you."

The dim eyes looked from the open window and then came back to young Andre's face.

"Young man, I loved your mother before—before that scoundrel came and broke her heart. It was just such a morning as this when I saw her for the first time. How well I remember the rose-leaf face beneath the white hat. I loved her from that hour, and I would have won her but for him. He came here and soon turned the heads of half the girls in the place. He was wealthy and fascinating. Agnes was an orphan and lived with her aunt. And her aunt never liked the man and forbade her to accept his attentions. But he lured her away with false promises."

The old man paused, lost in thought. "True to his nature, he soon tired of her and deserted her. She came back here, heart-broken. In a few weeks you were born and she lived only a few hours afterward. But before she died she sent and begged my forgiveness and asked me to help her aunt care for and educate you."

The white head drooped lower as the old man talked.

"She was buried and soon after her aunt died. I carried you away and had you adopted in the home of a wealthy physician. I did not tell them all the pitiful story, but they were childless and I knew you would be given a mother's love by the physician's wife. From time to time I heard from you, although for years I was in Europe. But somehow I could not bear the thought of looking upon your face. I feared to find there the features of the man who had broken the heart of the being who was dearer to me than all things in life. Can you understand and forgive me?"

The dim eyes sought the young man's face beseechingly.

"I think I can," Dr. Andre said gently. "Go on."

"There is little more to tell. You will find her grave over there in the church yard. It is covered with violets and there is a headstone with her name. There is no date. Did you know her full name?" The old man smiled a fleeting smile at his own question. "Of course, you don't. It was Agnes—Agnes Carew."

The young man gave a perceptible start.

"Agnes, Agnes," he repeated slowly, and then suddenly seemed to recollect himself. He arose and stood looking down on the old man's face. It was a beautiful face, full of strength and tenderness, and as he looked he thought of Valjean. To him Valjean had always seemed the greatest hero ever found in literature —Valjean, who faced death and perils calmly—Valjean, who wept tender tears over Cosette's little stockings when he knew he must give her to another.

"Doctor Dolman, I think you have been my best friend, but until a few days ago I did not know that you were in the world. My foster parents have never told me anything concerning you, and all these years I have thought that I was their own child. In some ways it seems cruel. A few days ago something occurred that made it necessary for them to tell me the facts. It all seems so strange and sad. I feel that I could have borne it better had I known years ago. But I must see her grave —my mother's grave—before I go back to Atlanta."

The old man rose and slowly crossed the room and opened the drawer of his book-littered desk. From the drawer he took a small locket and handed it to Dr. Andre. "In that you will see your mother's face. You have her eyes and mouth, only your mouth is stronger. I might have known that you would be like her. She was several years younger than I."

Dr. Andre turned with the locket in his hand. "I will come back after a while."

"He is so like her," the old man murmured, as he watched the tall figure cross the square and go on past the little church.

The young man paused at the church-yard gate and looked out to the hills beyond. All nature was pulsing to new life beneath the April sunshine. It seemed but yesterday that the trees were bare; and today they were clothed in a sheen of silvered green. And on the hills a myriad of tender blades pushed their way softly and insistently into the warmth of the sunlight.

The man's deep, dark eyes grew wonderfully tender as he looked. "I have been so proud," he said, "and now I am humbled. It is nature's awakening, and mine."

He went slowly here and there among the well-kept graves until he came to one down near the brick wall. It was covered with violets, and he knelt to read the inscription on the low head stone.

"In Memory of Agnes."

That was all; and he opened the locket and looked at the face it held. It was a girlish face with dark, wistful eyes, and a mouth full of soft curves, and as he looked a feeling of yearning came into his heart. He returned the locket to his pocket and stood with bared head.

"Mother," he breathed tenderly, "dear mother, I have looked upon your face, and it is the face of one who could do no wilful wrong. And somewhere your soul must feel that I, your son, stand by your grave and send you my love. Amen."

The soft twitter of a little bird followed him as he turned to go.

He was near the gate before he caught sight of the slender figure of a girl beneath the purple glory of the china tree.

"Agnes!" the exclaimed involuntarily.

The girl stepped out to meet him, a joyous light in the blue eyes.

"Oh, Robert, I have come all this long way to ask you to let me explain." Her voice was half tearful.

"Dear little girl," he said drawing her arm beneath his own, "tell me all about it."

He noted the pallor of her face as she gave him a grateful smile. Even her little, saucily tilted nose seemed to droop a bit.

"That is so like you, Robert. I suppose I must begin with last Wednesday. It was Aunt Mary who wrote you that horrid note. I was away at the time and knew nothing of it until I came home. I found that I could get nothing sensible from her about the matter, and so I appealed to Uncle Jack. And after I knew all that he could tell me I

told him I was coming straight to you and tell the truth. I went to the office that very afternoon and Mr. Rawson told me that you were down here. I went home and told uncle that I was coming here to see you. 'That's good, little girl,' he said. 'We can do a little scheming on our own hook.' Aunt Mary was so scandalized she flounced out of the room. So I am here. But it has taken me two whole days to get to the explaining point."

The girl's emotion rippled through her words in spite of her efforts at playfulness.

"The dear, old man at the parsonage told me where to look for you."

"I am sorry you have been worried, little girl, but I would not take the world for the joy your presence here brings me. But after all it is such a sacrifice for you to make." He spoke gravely, almost sadly.

"Oh, Robert! Can you even think that this will change my love for you? At first Aunt Mary almost made me believe that you had committed some awful crime, but when I learned the truth, I told her I would marry you, daddy or no daddy."

The man's eyes looked gravely down at the girl's sweet face. "Are you sure, Agnes, that you will never regret?"

"As sure as I am that God is near us."

He took the locket from his pocket and opened it. "That is the face of my mother."

The girl looked long and earnestly at the face. "It is a beautiful face, and I love it because—because she was your mother."

"Then let us go and tell the old man who loved her. He is waiting for me."

And they went on by the little church with the sunshine above them and in their hearts.

"HOW I CAME TO WRITE THE NAPOLEON."

BY THOS. E. WATSON.

"SAVE IN HIS OWN COUNTRY."

The Hon. John Lawson Burnett of Gadsden, Ala., has for several terms represented the Seventh District in Congress. He is a Democrat.

The month of August, 1907, found Mr. Burnett traveling in Europe. From London, England, under date of August 20, the Alabama Congressman wrote a letter to the editor of the Gadsden Daily Times-News.

After telling of Hamburg, Bremen, Rotterdam, The Hague, and Antwerp, Mr. Burnett proceeds as follows:

"From Antwerp we went to Brussels, the beautiful capital of Belgium, where we stayed a couple of days. Near here, the battle of Waterloo, which sealed the destiny of Napoleon, was fought. This brings up another school boy speech that I used to recite:

"'There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital was gathered there,' etc.

"This was the ball which was going on at Brussels when the battle began which sent Napoleon an exile to St. Helena, and changed the whole history of Europe. We visited the celebrated battlefield. A magnificent harvest of wheat was being gathered in the very fields which were watered by the best blood of Europe. The English have erected an immense monument there, capped by a large figure of the British lion. This is ascended by 226 steps. You know I am fat and short winded, and I started up, having no idea of going to the top. But the scene was so inspiring, and the air so exhilarating that I kept on till I got to the top. As I stood there and gazed over the ground which once resounded to the tramp of the greatest armies that Europe ever saw, I could but join in the question asked by Tom Watson of Georgia, 'What would have happened if Napoleon had won?'

"By the way, that reminds me that I went into a book store in Paris the other day and asked for the best history of Napoleon which they had in English, and they handed me Tom Watson's. I was rather proud of this compliment to our distinguished Southern author, for, although I do not agree with Mr. Watson in some things, I regard him as one of the best writers in America. But this is another digression. I picked up a few gravels from Waterloo because I had just received a letter from a young lady in my district, asking me to bring her a pebble from the ocean or some other little souvenir of my trip to Europe. So I thought she might appreciate one of these.

"From Brussels we went to Paris, the most immoral city in the world. Here I will leave you till next week. Your friend,

"JOHN L. BURNETT."

—Extract from published letter of Congressman John L. Burnett, of Gadsden, Alabama. Date August 20, 1907. London, England.

NAPOLEON.

THE profilic novelist, F. Marion Crawford, came to Augusta, Georgia, some years ago, and lectured on the subject, "How I came to write '*Mr. Isaacs.*'" By the audience, it was considered a mighty poor lecture. Not many present had ever heard of "Mr. Isaacs," and even these few cared nothing about how Mr. Crawford came to write the book. The novel, to them, was just a novel, and it was nothing more. Therefore, when Mr. Crawford spent an hour regaling the house with an account of the way in which Mr. Isaacs happened to happen, his hearers were dreadfully bored. Since that time Augusta, Georgia, has called for lecturers from all quarters of the earth,—even enduring an occasional dose of Ben Tillman,—but she has never wanted any more of F. Marion Crawford. Once, was a plenty.

It has always seemed to me a striking proof of how a man can make a huge mistake about his own rating, or the rating of his books, that so sensible a person as F. Marion Crawford should have assumed that an average lecture-hall audience would care two straws about *how he came to write* "*Mr. Isaacs.*"

If it had been Charles Reade, explaining how he came to write "The Cloister and the Hearth," *that* would have made a difference.

Of course, I ought to take warning by what happened to F. Marion,—but who pays any heed to warnings? Does the burnt child dread the fire, until *after* he gets blistered? No, indeed. Each of us quits playing with edged tools *after* we get cut,—not before.

The negro who tearfully assured his boss that he had been "sorry 'bout stealing dem chickens,—*cber since I got cotched*," came much nearer a universal truth than he could have supposed.

So, with reckless disregard of what befell F. Marion Crawford, when he took it into his head that the people of Augusta, Georgia,—"the principallist folks of the town," as the great Sam Jones used to say—would reflect

cheerfully over the entrance expense of one dollar apiece when they were given, in return, a full explanation of how a novelist came to write a novel,—I am going to stumble headlong into the same mistake: *after which* I will know better than to do it again. For, don't you know? this thing of travelling Americans going to Paris to buy Watson's "Napoleon," is causing the author to walk the floor nights; and even when he doesn't do *that*, he mutters in his sleep. It occurred to the bewildered author that it might be possible to restore his equilibrium by making a clean breast of the matter, and telling all about how he came to write the book which wandering Congressmen, lay delegates to Baptist conventions and others, purchase at Brentano's, in gay Paree.

The one decided advantage which I have over F. Marion Crawford, in presuming to tell how one of my books came to be written, is that no one has to pay a dollar to read or listen. And no one reads or listens by virtue of the respectable coercion of circumstances. If you become my victim, you have no one to blame but yourself; you should have taken warning from the *headline*, which *put you on notice of the subject*. Since you *wouldn't* take warning, nurse your blister, or tie up the cut finger,—just as every other son of Adam has done since fires were tested by the incredulous and edged tools meddled with by the curious.

* * * * *

It seems to me that there was never a time when Napoleon was not a part of my life and my thought. Before I knew anything of George Washington, I knew as much of Bonaparte as the Reverend John S. C. Abbott could tell me. At the time I first read the bulky volumes of the hero-worshipping author, the books were almost as heavy as I was, and I knew no better than to devour that marvelous romance with all of a boy's eager delight and unquestioning faith. The Reverend Mr. Abbott may have staggered the wise, but he did not stagger *me*. I believed it all. Had another boy, not appreciably stronger than myself, scented the unalloyed goodness of Napoleon, the unsullied virtue of Josephine, and the unrelieved depravity of Napoleon's foes, there would have ensued immediately a small but interesting case of assault and battery.

The day when my grandfather gave me the Abbott volumes was an epoch in my life. I was thrilled with joy and pride. How easily I could paint the picture of that little incident if I were an artist. My grandfather,—tall, venerable, imposing, stricken already with palsy, and muttering something to me as he handed me down the books from the tall yellow desk surmounted by book shelves, earnestly muttering and mumbling words which I tried my best to understand, but could not.

Leaning heavily upon his silver headed cane, he looked steadily down at me, apparently repeating time after time what he wished to say, until I glanced timidly toward my grandmother who sat quietly knitting by the fireside, and she came to my relief by telling me what my grandfather had said. How the scene all comes back, clear in every detail, though the mists of forty-one years have gathered about it. I then was nine years old, "going on ten."

Not a man of many books was my grandfather. A slave-holder of the old Southern regime, his energies had gone out to practical affairs, and his heart was set upon his broad acres, well filled barns, his flocks, his herds, his big, fat mules, his well clothed, well fed, well housed, earnestly worked slaves. He had fought the battle of life in the neighborhood, where his ancestors from the earliest Colonial

times had fought it; and he had won it, even as they had done. Not greatly ambitious, they were satisfied if they kept "even with the world," and abreast of their prosperous neighbors; and by this was meant that they owned good farms, a comfortable supply of negroes and other chattels, owed nobody and could lend a friend a few hundred dollars, now and then; or lose that much "without feeling it" on a horse race, a cock fight, or a friendly game of cards.

In the book called *Bethany* I endeavored to picture the old plantation life just as it was. Never on earth did negroes talk as those elegant colored gentlemen and ladies hold forth in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or Opie Read's "My Young Master." The negro there pictured bears the same resemblance to the real negro that the Indian of Cooper's novels bears to the real Indian. Even Uncle Remus and Thomas Nelson Page have looked from the very best point of view upon the very best type of the race, until they have evolved an ethereal slave who was all kindness, intelligence, fidelity, gratitude, humor, humility, and pathetic fondness for his white master. No such negro ever lived. Folks of that type may be plentiful in heaven; they do not exist on earth. My grandfather prided himself on the fine appearance of his slaves. They were treated well, upon the same principle that the horses were amply fed. It was to his interest to do it, and he did it. None of them were neglected in sickness, or old age: none were severely whipped; all were made to do a fair day's work; and all of them were better fed, bet-

BONAPARTE AT TOULON.

ter clothed and better housed than they have ever been since. The overseer punished no slave without my grandfather's approval, and that was rarely given. There was no occasion for barbarity, and there was none. "Old Marster" was feared, honored, and liked by every negro on the place. In the eyes of them all, he was a greater man than the president. His word was law. There was no feverish hurry about that old plantation. The clock did not tick more regular on the mantel than did the workmen move about their tasks. All was steady, all was quiet, all was regular. Day followed day with respectable monotony, and each found its task done, in order, without haste and without rest. You might have set your watch by the blowing of the dinner horn at "Squire Long-Tom Watson's." The very mules knew when it ought to blow, and had it not blown at the proper time there would have been the indignant bray (whinker) of protest which the faithful creature gives when the time to "take out" arrives, and no signal from horn or bell is heard.

Through the dim distance, between *now* and *then*,—through the mists of the forty-one years,—I see it all, clearly; I hear it all, distinctly. The old farm hangs like a picture on the walls of the Past, and I see the overseer on his horse, the slaves going to work, the fat, sleek mules going down the long furrow, the great oxen drawing the wagon; the Old Marster coming slowly, leaning heavily on his cane, to enter the buggy for his daily drive to town. The patter of the feet of the sheep, on the leaves under the big trees, is in my ears: and from the meadow by the creek comes the tinkle of the cow-bell. The blue jay is still at his old tricks in the big oaks and his yodle comes just in time to remove the doubt that it is a hawk that sounded his strident scream. The pigeons whirl twixt me and the sun, as they did in the olden time; and the song of the mocking-bird misses no moonlight night of Spring. Sir Crow goes flopping along the distant cornfields, just as he used to do; and the whistle of the partridge still calls for "Bob White." And when it all comes back to me, I think that life in the South can never be again what it was in 1860; and that had the Abolitionists *known the facts,* they would have been content to go about Emancipation *in the same spirit that actuated their brethren in England.*

The day comes when my grandfather passes away, just as the Civil War was well over and he never knew that the regime was gone. "Old Master" was laid out in the parlor and the slaves, not knowing that they were free, came up to "the big house," crept in on tip-toe, took a last look at the pallid face, and stole away, with awe-struck faces,—and talking very low. I was there and listened in terror to the solemn funeral sermon which was preached in the parlor; and I crouched close to my father, not daring to speak to him, for he was in a passion of tears, his stalwart frame bent and shaken with sobs.

Then came the day when all of the slaves were called up to "the big house" to be told that they were free. It was not the first they had heard of it. The rumors had circulated; the fact was fairly well known; but as yet it had not been formally announced by "the boss." In a few words, awkwardly enough, no doubt, my father spoke to the assembled negroes, telling them that they were free. Whatever *they* understood it to mean, he knew well enough what it meant to *him*. It was a loss of some sixty thousand dollars, the end of a system in which he had been reared, and a leap in the dark towards a new order of which he knew nothing. It was very hard. He had not been responsible for the institution of slavery

which, for political and selfish reasons, all sections of the Union had once supported, and which, for political and selfish reasons, had now been swept away, after four years ruinous Civil War. He had found it here, just as he had found other institutions, and he had considered slavery as he considered taxes, penitentiaries, government distilleries and congressional legislation,—things established and not to be questioned. Being just an average man, my father felt the blow which swept away a fortune; and his talk to the emancipated negroes had none of the high-flown sentiment which such an orator as Gladstone indulged in, *after he had pocketed the enormous sum which England paid him for his father's former slaves.*

Emancipation having been announced on one day, not a negro remained on the place the next. The fine old homestead was deserted. Every house in "the quarter" was empty. The first impulse of freedom had carried the last one of the blacks to town. In a short while, they got tired and hungry; some came back, some settled on other places, and the old place was never the same again.

BONAPARTE ON THE BRIDGE OF LODI.

Years came and went, the new system and my father never got on well together. Losses followed losses. Cotton fell in price with ruinous tumbles. Why? Well, I musn't go into that. It would be venturing upon the hot ashes of political dispute. I only dare to mention the fact that the men who finance the world were destroying the paper currency by the hundred million, and that as the volume of money became less, the price of cotton became less.

At last, came the "Panic of 1873," and when the smoke cleared from that financial Waterloo, my father was one of those who was stretched upon the field.

Let the ardently ambitious son struggle ever so hard to hold his place at college, he cannot do so. In a few months, the effort has to be given up. With heavy heart, with suffering which no one else sees, he turns away from a chosen course, he closes the books, quits the classes, and goes forth into the world, at eighteen, to make his own way. Perhaps, he could earn money by teaching a school, and thus manage to come back to college! So he hoped, but it could never be done!

A country school-teacher, a lawyer of modest beginnings, a hard-worker from my youth up, I had, in 1895, reached middle life, and was at length able to indulge a life-long fondness for literature. Besides, I had been thrown out of a political career, by criminal methods which I was powerless to withstand, and it was necessary to find some congenial labor which would occupy the time and divert my thoughts from what I then considered an overwhelming misfortune.

From the days when I first yielded to the spell of the imaginary Napoleon of Abbott, down to the present hour, my craving for books has led me far and wide, but I have found no subject which has fascinated me so constantly as that of Napoleon. My estimate of him has varied, but my interest never wavered. There is nothing which has been told of him, good or bad, which does not find my *desire to know* as eager as ever. I will read any reasonable amount of trashy comment to get a new fact. I can even go patiently through the labyrinth of lies told by Fouché, Barras, Metternich, and Talleyrand, if I light upon solid ground now and then. Even such liars as they, are compelled by human infirmity to stumble into the truth sometimes.

No soldier that followed where the eagles flew, ever served longer under the marvelous leader than I have done. To repel the slanderer, to refute calumny, to restore distorted facts to their just relation to the man and the times, to seek the fixed motive which underlayed isolated deeds, to study the trend of the current of purpose regardless of the bubbles on the surface, the whirling eddies, and the crooks and bends in the onward rush of the stream; to view the man and his work as a whole; to note what the European systems were before he came, *and afterwards;* to fathom his ideals and learn from the unfinished sketch what was in his mind; to charge up to his account every fault and vice and crime, and then to enter upon the credit side of the ledger the unremitting toil and the magnificent achievement;—*this* has been my rule

BATTLE OF RIVOLI.

PORTRAIT OF IMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

MARIE LOUISE AND THE KING OF ROME.

in dealing with Napoleon. Partisans of aristocracy in all countries hated him, and lied about him while he lived. They hate him and lie about him, *now*. Apparently, the ruling caste in Great Britain still consider it necessary to hire pamphleteers and alleged historians to write against a militant Democrat who did his utmost to lay the broad, deep foundations of good government, and to build upon it a temple of opportunity whose every golden door should always be open, and from within whose blessed portals should peal forth the invitation, "*Whosoever will, let him come.*"

Always, Napoleon has had a friend in me. When the rich boys made fun of him at college, my own little fist would double up, ready to help him fight. When he wrote prize essays which did not take the prize, and composed histories which publishers were afraid to touch—I was in sympathy with the disappointed author. When he went hungry, in order that his last penny might be laid out in buying a book, I understood. When he snatched the colors at Lodi and made the dash for the bridge, and won the triumph which first put it into his head that he might take a decisive part in public affairs, I intuitively knew his thought. When he went to Egypt, when he made himself Consul, when he put away Josephine, when he took the Austrian wife, when he yearned for a son that might inherit his splendor and perpetuate his name, when he overstretched the bow, went too far, took counsel of his pride, and

"WHO DESIRES TO KILL THE GENERAL?"

fell as Lucifer fell,—I sympathized with him, all along, for it was all so human. In *his* reverses, I suffered. When his bosom friends desert him, when his old school-mates betray him: when those to whom he had never refused a favor turn on and rend him, I am in grief, even as he is. *"Berthier don't leave me. I have need of consolation."* So pleaded the prostrate Napoleon at Fontaineblau, beseeching Berthier not to join the deserters—Berthier being his bosom friend, his pet, the favorite upon whom had been showered every gift of imperial bounty. But Berthier hardened his heart, forsook his master and friend and benefactor, went over to the Bourbons, took office under them, revelling in a traitor's reward while Napoleon was in exile.

And Waterloo—ah, Waterloo tears me all to pieces, just as Gettysburg does. The positive suffering which I have to endure in reading of those two calamities to the human race, is something you could not have imagined. I shrink from those two subjects as a heretic must have shrunk from the torture-chamber. The heretic *knew* what was in there; and his flesh must have quivered and his bones ached as he approached the room of horrors. Even so, I shun Gettysburg and Waterloo, *the two great calamities of the Nineteenth Century.*

As a boy and as a man, my heart was with the captive at St. Helena. When the English Governor nags at him, when the lion is teased and fretted by the mean and tyrannical keeper, when they won't forward the books sent to him by friends in Europe, when they detain the portrait of his boy, when they open the letters of his mother and sisters and brothers, when they refuse to allow him addressed as "Napoleon," when they deny him the comforts necessary to his age and condition, when they put such humiliating conditions to his taking of exercise that his self-respect will not allow him to take it, when he tries to interest himself in gardening, when he fights all his battles over again, when he stands out upon the

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

jutting rock of the cliffs, and gazes silently toward France—France which will one day bring him home to the lordliest tomb in all this earth, amid the thunder of cannon and the trickle of a nation's tears—he never fails to command my profound pity and admiration.

I felt, as a boy, what I *know*, as a man, that he was crushed by the combination of Kings *because of the principles for which he stood*,—those principles being of deadly hostility to Absolutism, Divine Right and Class-rule.

And so it happened that, in my mature manhood, I recurred to the study which thrilled me when a boy. In the volume which embodies the result of the reading of a life-time, I endeavored to tell the truth about Napoleon—not as a partisan, but as a student who has never tired of him, and who considers him the most terribly attractive figure history presents.

NAPOLEON ON ST. HELENA.

Had I not been cast out of Congress by the ballot-box stuffers; had the poor, ignorant negroes not been voted ten and twenty times apiece by rich, educated white gentlemen, had dead men and fictitious men not been registered, in order that bribed voters might *vote those names*, I might have remained in public life, and might have worked out my well-considered plan for a grand political alliance of *West and South against New England class-rule*.

NAPOLEON.

But, since the casting out was an accomplished fact, not to be gainsaid or abolished, the necessity was upon the Disinherited to do something better than *brooding over the loss of the Estate.*

Out of this *Necessity,* came first, "The Story of France," and, then, the "Napoleon."

So it is that adversity may be good for us, and the diet of bitter herbs a blessing in disguise.

DEAR MOTHER NATURE, TAKE ME BACK.

BY MARY CHAPIN SMITH.

Great mother of us all, whose boundless store
Of rare delights and treasured golden lore
Thou ever didst reveal to those beloved,
Sweet mother, hear my cry, take me once more
On thy dear cradling breast that in the days of yore,
Those long-remembered days, has pillowed soft thy child:
O mother, mother dear,
Who once was always near,
Why hast thou cast me off and why forgot?
The flowers have ceased to bloom for me, the birds sing not,
The trees no longer whisper and the stones
And little streams, they will not speak to me:
Thy child is sick at heart and wearied and distraught,
All things have failed me now, all come to naught.

Dear mother Nature, take me back and hold me fast;
Let wild soft eyes
Keep kindly watch in mild surprise,
Let fine sweet winds of heaven sing faint airs
Around my head; let fragrant pines that cast
Long cooling shadows breathe their resinous breath
Of healing near;
Blue sky and starry night,
The moon's pale strange transfiguring light,
Let them shine out and drive away all darksome fear:
Thus cradle me and hold me fast,
And so I shall be thine at last,
With listening ear close to thy heart until that day
When, earth to earth in still embrace, I shall be thine alway.

ANN BOYD

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

CHAPTER XXV.

DURING this talk Jane Hemingway had gone out to the fence to speak to Dr. Evans, who had passed along the road, a side of bacon on his left shoulder, and she came back, and with a low groan sat down. Sam Hemingway, who sat near the fire, shrugged his shoulders and sniffed. "You are making too much of a hullabaloo over it," he said. "I've geen thinking about the matter a lots, and I've come to the final conclusion that you are going it entirely too heavy, considering the balance of us. Every man, woman, and child, born and unborn, is predestinated to die, and them that meet their fate graceful-like are the right sort. Seeing you takin' on after them doctors left actually turned *me* sick at the stomach, and that ain't right. I'll be sick enough when my own time comes, I reckon, without having to go through separate spells for all my kin by marriage every time they have a little eruption break out on them. Then here's Virginia having her bright young life blighted when it ought to be all sunshine and roses, if I may be allowed to quote the poets. I'll bet when you was a young girl your cheeks wasn't kept wet as a dish-rag by a complaining mother. No, what you've got to do, Sister Jane, is to pucker up courage and face the music—be resigned!"

"Resigned! I say, resigned!" was the rebellious reply—"I say, resigned! with a slow thing like this eating away at my vitals and nothing under high heaven to make it let go. You can talk, sitting there with a pipe in your mouth, and every limb sound, and a long life ahead of you."

"But you are openly disobeying Biblical injunction," said Sam, knocking his exhausted pipe on the heel of his shoe. "You are kicking agin the pricks. All of us have to die, and you are raising a racket because your turn is somewhere in sight. You are kicking agin something that's as natural as a child coming into the world. Besides, you are going back on what you preach. You are eternally telling folks there's a life in front of us that beats this one all hollow, and, now that Providence has really blessed you by giving you a chance to sorter peep ahead at the pearly gates, you are actually balking worse than a mean mule. I say you ought to give me and Virginia a rest. If you can't possibly raise the scads to pay for having the thing cut out, then pucker up and grin and bear it. Folks will think a sight more of you. Being a baby at both ends of life is foolish—there ain't nobody willing to do the nursing the second time."

"I want you to hush all that drivel, Sam," the widow retorted. "I reckon folks are different. Some are born with a natural dread of death, and it was always in my family. I stood over my mother and watched her breathe her last, and it went awfully hard with her. She begged and begged for somebody to save her, even sitting up in bed while all the neighbors were crouched about crying and

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praying, and yelled out to them to stop that and do something. We'd called in every doctor in forty miles about, and she had somehow heard of a young one away off, and she was calling out his name when she fell back and died."

"Well, she must have had some load on her mind that she wasn't ready to dump at the throne," said Sam, without a hint of humor in his drawling voice. "I've always understood your folks, in the woman line, at least, was unforgiving. They say forgiveness is the softest pillow to expire on. I dunno, I've never tried it."

"I'm miserable, simply miserable!" groaned Jane. "Dr. Evans has just been to Darley. He promised to see if any of my old friends would lend me the money, but he says nobody had a cent to spare."

"Folks never have cash for an investment of that sort," answered Sam. "I fetched up your case to old Milward Dedham at the store the other day. He'd just sold five thousand acres of wild mountain land to a Boston man for the timber that was on it, and was puffed up powerful. I thought if ever a man would be prepared to help a friend he would. 'La me, Sam,' said he, 'you are wasting time trying to keep a woman from pegging out when wheat's off ten cents a bushel. Any woman ought to be happy lying in a grave that is paid for seeh times as these.' "

The widow was really not listening to Sam's talk. With her bony elbows on her knee, her hand intuitively resting on the painless and yet insistent seat of her trouble, she rocked back and forth, sighing and moaning. There was a clicking of the gate latch, a step on the gravelled walk, and Virginia, flushed from exercise in the cool air, came in and emptied her apron in the chimney corner, from which her uncle lazily dragged his feet. He leaned forward and critically scanned the heap of wood.

"You've got some good, rich, kindling pine there, Virginia," he drawled out. "But you needn't bother after today, though. I'll have my wagon back from the shop tomorrow, and Simpson has promised to lend me his yoke of oxen, and let me haul some logs from his mill. Most of it is good, seasoned red oak, and when it gets started to burning it pops like a pack of fire-crackers."

Virginia said nothing. Save for the firelight, which was a red glow from live coals, rather than any sort of flame, the big room was dark, and her mother took no notice of her, but Sam had his eyes on her over his left shoulder.

"Your mother has been keeping up the same old song and dance," he said, dryly; "so much so that she's clean forgot living folks want to eat at stated times. I reckon you'll have to make the bread and fry what bacon is left on that strip of skin."

Virginia said nothing to him, for her glance was steadily resting on her mother's despondent form. "Mother," she said, in a faltering, almost frightened tone, for she had been accustomed to no sort of deception in her life, and the part she was to play was a most repellant one—"mother, I've got something to tell you, and I hardly know how to do it. Down the road just a while ago I met a friend —a person who told me—the person told me—"

"Well, what did the person tell you?" Sam asked, as both he and the bowed wreck at the fire stared through the red glow.

"The person wants to help you out of trouble, mother, and gave me the hundred dollars you need. Before I got it I had to give my sacred word of honor that I'd never let even you know who sent it. I hardly knew what to do, but I thought perhaps I ought to—"

"What? You mean—oh, Virginia, you don't mean—" Jane began as she

rose stiffly, her scrawny hand on the mantel-piece, and took a step towards her almost shrinking daughter.

"Here's the money, mother," Virginia said, holding out the roll of bills, now damp and packed close together by her warm, tense fingers. "That's all I'm allowed to tell you. I had to promise not to let you know who sent it."

As if electrified from death to life, Jane Hemingway sprang forward and took the money into her quivering fingers. "A light, Sam!" she cried. "Make a light, and let me see. If the child's plumb crazy I want to know it, and have it over with. Oh, my Lord! Don't fool me, Virginia. Don't raise my hopes with any trick anybody wants to play."

With far more activity than was his by birth, Sam stood up, secured a tallow candle from the mantel-piece, and bent over the coals.

"Crazy?" he said. "I *know* the girl's crazy, if she says there's any human being left on the earth after Noah's flood who gives away money without taking a receipt for it—to say nothing of a double, iron-clad mortgage."

"It looks and feels like money!" panted the widow. "Hurry up with the light. I wonder if my prayer has been heard at last."

"Hearing it and answering are two different things; the whole neighborhood has *heard* it often enough," growled Sam, as he fumed impatiently over the hot coals, fairly hidden in a stifling cloud of tallow-smoke.

"Here's a match," said Virginia, who had found one near the clock, and she struck it on the top of one of the dog-irons and applied it to the dripping wick. At the same instant the hot tallow in the coals and ashes burst into flame, lighting up every corner and crevice of the great, ill-furnished room. Sam, holding the candle, bent over Jane's hands as they nervously fumbled the money.

"Ten dollar bills!" she cried. "Oh, count 'em, Sam! I can't. They stick together, she's wadded 'em so tight."

With almost painful deliberation Sam counted the money, licking his rough thumb as he raised each bill.

"It's a hundred dollars all right enough," he said, turning the roll over to his sister-in-law. "The only thing that's worrying me is who's had sech a sudden enlargement of the heart in this section."

"Virginia, who gave you this money?" Mrs. Hemingway asked, her face abeam, her eyes gleaming with joy.

"I told you I was bound by a promise not to tell you or anybody else," Virginia awkardly replied, as she avoided their combined stare.

"Oh, I smell a great big dead rat under the barn!" Sam laughed. "I'd bet my Sunday-go-to-meeting hat I know who sent it."

"You do?" exclaimed the widow. "Who do you think it was, Sam?"

"Why, the only chap around here that seems to have wads of cash to throw at cats," Sam laughed. "He pitched one solid roll amounting to ten thousand at his starving family awhile back. Of course, he did this, too. He always *did* have a hankering for Virginia, anyway. Hain't I seen them two—"

"He didn't send it!" Virginia said, impulsively. "There! I didn't intend to set you guessing, and after this I'll never answer one way or the other. I didn't know whether I ought to take it on those conditions or not, but I couldn't see mother suffer when this would help her so much."

"No, God knows I'm glad you took it," said Jane, slowly, "even if I'm never to know. I'm sure it was a friend, for nobody but a friend would care that much to help me out of trouble."

"You bet it was a friend," said Sam, "unless it was some thief trying

to get rid of some marked bills he's hooked some'r's. Now, Virginia, for the love of the Lord, get something ready to eat. For a family with a hundred dollars in hand, we are the nighest starvation of any I ever heard of."

While the girl was busy preparing the corn-meal dough in a wooden bread-tray, her mother walked about excitedly.

"I'll go to Darley in the hack in the morning," she said, "and right on to Atlanta on the evening train. I feel better already. Dr. Evans says I won't suffer a particle of pain, and will come back weighing more and with a better appetite."

"Well, I believe I'd not put myself out to improve on mine," said Sam, "unless this person who is so flush with boodle wants to keep up the good work. Dern if I don't believe I'll grow *me* a cancer, and talk about it till folks pay me to hush."

Chapter XXVI.

It was one fairly warm evening, three days after Jane had left for Atlanta. Virginia had given Sam his supper, and he had strolled off down to the store with his pipe. Then, with a light shawl over her shoulders, the girl sat in the bright moonlight on the porch. She had not been there long when she saw a man on a horse in the road reining in at the gate. Even before he dismounted she recognized him. It was Luke King. Hardly knowing why she did so, she sprang up and was on the point of disappearing in the house, when, in a calm voice, he called out to her:

"Wait, Virginia! Don't run. I have a message for you."

"For me?" she faltered, and with unaccountable misgivings she stood still.

Throwing the bridle rein over the gate post, he entered the yard and came towards her, his big felt-hat held easily in his hand, his fine head showing to wonderful advantage in the moonlight.

"You started to run," he laughed. "You needn't deny it. I saw you, and you knew who it was, too. Just think of my little friend dodging whenever she sees me. Well, I can't help that. It must be natural. You were always timid with me, Virginia."

"Won't you come in and have a chair?" she returned. "Mother has gone away to Atlanta, and there is no one at home but my uncle and me."

"I knew she was down there," King said, feasting his hungry and yet gentle and all-seeing eyes on her. "That's what I stopped to speak to you about. She sent you a message."

"Oh, you saw her, then!" Virginia said, more at ease.

"Yes, I happened to be at the big Union car-shed when her train came in, and saw her in the crowd. The poor woman didn't know which way to turn, and I really believe she was afraid she'd get lost or stolen, or something as bad. When she saw me she gave a glad scream and fairly tumbled into my arms. She told me where she wanted to go, and I got a cab and saw her safe to the doctor's."

"Oh, that was very good of you!" Virginia said. "I'm so glad you met her."

"She was in splendid spirits, too, when I last saw her," King went on. "I dropped in there this morning before I left, so that I could bring you the latest news. She was very jolly, laughing and joking about everything. The doctor had not had time to make an examination, but he has a way of causing his patients to look on the bright side. He told her she had nothing really serious to fear, and it took a big load off her mind."

They were now in the house, and Virginia had lighted a candle and he had taken a seat near the open door.

"Doctors have a way of pretending

to be cheerful, even before very serious operations, haven't they?" she asked, as she sat down not far from him.

She saw him hesitate, as if in consideration of her feelings, and then he said, "Yes, I believe that, too, Virginia; still, he is a wonderful man, and if anyone can do your mother good he can."

"If *anybody* can?—yes," she sighed.

"You mustn't get blue," he said, consolingly; "and yet how can you well help it, here almost by yourself, with your mother away under such sad circumstances?"

"Your own mother was not quite well recently," Virginia said, considerately. "I hope she is no worse."

"Oh, she's on her feet again," he laughed, "as lively as a cricket, moving about bossing that big place."

"Why, I thought, seeing you back so—so soon," the girl stammered; "I thought that you had perhaps heard—"

"That she was sick again? Oh no!" he exclaimed, and then he saw her drift and paused, and, flushed and embarrassed, sat staring at the floor.

"You didn't—surely you didn't come all the way here to—to tell me about my mother!" Virginia cried, "when you have important work to do down there?"

There was a moment's hesitation on his part; then he raised his head and looked frankly into her eyes.

"What's the use of denying it?" he said. "I don't believe in deception, even in small things. It never does any good. I *did* have work to do down there, but I couldn't go on with it, Virginia, while you were here brooding as you are over your mother's condition. So I stayed at my desk till the north-bound train was ready to pull out. Then I made a break for it, catching the last car as it whizzed past the crossing, near the office. The train was delayed on the way up, and after I got to Darley I was afraid I couldn't get a horse at the stable and get here before you were in bed; but you see I made it. Sam Hicks will blow me up about the lather his mare is in. I haven't long to stay here, either, for I must get back to Darley to catch the ten-forty. I'll reach the office about four in the morning, if I can get the conductor to slow up in the Atlanta switch-yard for me to hop off at the crossing."

"And you did all that simply to tell me about my mother?" Virginia said. "Why, she could have written."

"Yes, but seeing some one right from the spot is more satisfying," he said, with embarrassed lightness. "I wanted to tell you how she was, and I'm glad, whether you are or not."

"I'm glad to hear from her," said Virginia. "It is only because I did not want to put you to so much trouble."

"Don't bother about that, Virginia. I'd gladly do it every night in the week to keep you from worrying. Do you remember the day, long ago, that I came to you down the creek and told you I was dissatisfied with things here, and was going away off to begin the battle of life in earnest?"

"Yes, I remember," Virginia answered, almost oblivious of the clinging, invisible current which seemed to be sweeping them together.

He drew a deep breath, as if to take in courage for what he had to say, and then went on:

"You were only a little girl then, hardly thirteen, and yet to me, Virginia, you were a woman capable of the deepest feeling. I never shall forget how you rebuked me about leaving my mother in anger. You looked at me as straight and frank as starbeams, and told me you'd not desert your mother in her old age for all the world. I never forgot what you said and just the way you

said it, and through all my turbulent life out West your lecture was constantly before me. I was angry at my mother, but finally I got to looking at her marriage differently, and then I began to want to see her and to do my filial duty as you were doing yours. That was one reason I came back here. The other was because—Virginia, it was because I wanted to see *you.*"

"Oh, don't, don't begin—" but Virginia's protest died away in her pulsing throat. She lowered her head and covered her hot face with her hands.

"But I have begun, and I must go on," he said. "Out West I met hundreds of attractive women, but I could never look upon them as other men did because of the—the picture of you stamped on my brain. I was not hearing a word about you, but you were becoming exactly what I knew you would become; and when I saw you out there in the barnyard that first day after I got back, my whole being caught fire, and it's blazing yet—it will blaze as long as there is a breath of my life left to fan it. For me there can be but one wife, little girl, and if she fails me I'll go unmarried to my grave."

"Oh, don't! don't!" Virginia sobbed, her tones muffled by her hands pressed tightly over her face. "You don't know me. I'm not what you think I am. I'm only a poor, helpless, troubled—"

"Don't, don't!" he broke in, fearfully—"don't decide against me hastily! I know—God knows I'm unworthy of you, and if you don't feel as I do you'll never link your young life to mine. Sometimes I fear that your shrinking from me as you often do is evidence against my hopes. Oh, dear, little girl, am I a fool? Am I a crazy idiot asking you for what you can't possibly give?"

A sob which she was trying to suppress shook her from head to foot, and she rose and stepped to the door and stood there looking out on the moonlit road, where his impatient horse was pawing the earth and neighing. There was silence. King leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, his strong fingers locked like prongs of steel in front of him, his face deep cut with the chisel of anxiety. For several minutes he stared thus at her white profile struck into sharp clearness by the combined light from without and within.

"I see it all," he groaned. "I've lost. While I was away out there treasuring your memory and seeing your face night after night, day after day—holding you close, pulling these rugged old mountains about you for protection, you were not—you were not—I was simply not in your thoughts."

Then she turned towards him. She seemed to have grown older and stronger since he began speaking so earnestly.

"You must not think of me that way any longer," she sighed. "You mustn't neglect your work to come to see me, either."

"You will never be my wife, then, Virginia?"

"No, I could never be that, Luke—no, not that—never on earth."

He shrank together, as if in sudden, sharp physical pain, and then he rose to his full height and reached for his hat, which she had placed on the table. His heavy-soled boots creaked on the rough floor; he tipped his chair over, and it would have fallen had he not awkwardly caught it and restored it to its place.

"You have a good reason, I am sure of that," he said, huskily.

"Yes, yes, I—I have a reason," her stiff lips made answer. "We are not for each other, Luke. If you've been thinking so, so long, as you say, it is because you were trying to make me fit your ideal, but I am not that in reality. I tell you I'm

only a poor, suffering girl, full of faults and weaknesses, at times not knowing which way to turn."

He had reached the door, and he stepped out into the moonlight, his massive head still bare. He shook back his heavy hair in a determined gesture of supreme faith and denial and said: "I know you better than you know yourself, because I know better than you do how to compare you to other women. I want you, Virginia, just as you are, with every sweet fault about you. I want you with a soul that actually bleeds for you, but you say it must not be, and you know best."

"No, it can't possibly be," Virginia said, almost fiercely. "It can never be while life lasts. You and I are as wide apart as the farthest ends of the earth."

He bowed his head and stood silent for a moment, then he sighed as he looked at her again. "I've thought about life a good deal, Virginia," he said, "and I've almost come to the conclusion that a great tragedy must tear the soul of every person destined for spiritual growth. This may be my tragedy, Virginia; I know something of the tragedy that lifted Ann Boyd to the skies, but her neighbors don't see it. They are still beating the material husk from which her big soul has risen."

"I know what she is," Virginia declared. "I'm happy to be one who knows her as she is—the grandest woman in the world."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," King said. "I knew if anybody did her justice it would be you."

"If I don't know how to sympathize with her, no one does," said the girl, with a bitterness of tone he could not fathom. "She's wonderful; she's glorious. It would be worth while to suffer anything to reach what she has reached."

"Well, I didn't come to talk of her, good as she has been to me," King said, gloomily. "I must get back to the grind and whir of that big building. I shall not come up again for some time. I have an idea I know what your reason is, but it would drive me crazy even to think about it."

She started suddenly, and then stared steadily at him. In the white moonlight she looked like a drooping figure carved out of stone, even to every fold of her simple dress and wave of her glorious hair.

"You think you know!" she whispered.

"Yes, I think so, and the pronunciation of a single name would prove it, but I shall not let it pass my lips tonight. It's my tragedy, Virginia."

"And mine," she said to herself, but to him it seemed that she made no response at all, and after a moment's pause he turned away.

"Good-bye," he said, from the gate.

"Good-bye, Luke," she said impulsively.

But at the sound of his name he whirled and came back, his brow dyed with red, his tender eyes flashing. "I'll tell you one other thing, and then I'll go," he said, tremulously. "Out West, one night, after a big ball which had bored the life out of me—in fact, I had only gone because it was a coming-out affair of the daughter of a wealthy friend of mine. In the smoking-room of the big hotel which had been rented for the occasion I had a long talk with a middle-aged bachelor, a man of the world, whom I knew well. He told me his story. In his younger days he had been in love with a girl back East, and his love was returned, but he wanted to see more of life and the world, and was not ready to settle down, and so he left her. After years spent in an exciting business and social life, and never meeting any one else that he could care for, a sudden longing came over him to hear from his old sweetheart. He had no sooner

thought of it than his old desires came back like a storm, and he could not even wait to hear from her. He packed up hastily, took the train, and went back home. He got to the village only two days after she had married another man. The poor old chap almost cried when he told me about it. Then, in my sympathy for him, I told him of my feelings for a little girl back here, and he earnestly begged me not to wait another day. It was that talk with him that helped me to make up my mind to come home. But, you see, I am too late, as he was too late. Poor old Duncan! He'd dislike to hear of my failure. But I've lost out, too. Now, I'll go sure. Good-bye, Virginia. I hope you will be happy. I'm going to pray for that."

Leaning against the door-jam, she saw him pass through the gateway, unhitch his restive horse, and swing himself heavily into the saddle, still holding his hat in his hand. Then he galloped away—away in the still moonlight, the—to her—peaceful, mocking moonlight.

"He thinks he knows," she muttered, "but he doesn't dream the *whole* truth. If he did he would no longer think that way of me. What am I, anyway? He was loving me with that great, infinite soul while I was listening to the idle simpering of a fool. Ah, Luke King shall never know the truth! I'd rather lie dead before him than to see that wondrous light die out of his great, trusting eyes."

She heard Sam coming down the road, and through the silvery gauze of night she saw the red flare of his pipe. She turned into her own room and sat down on the bed, her little, high-instepped feet on the floor, her hands clasped between her knees.

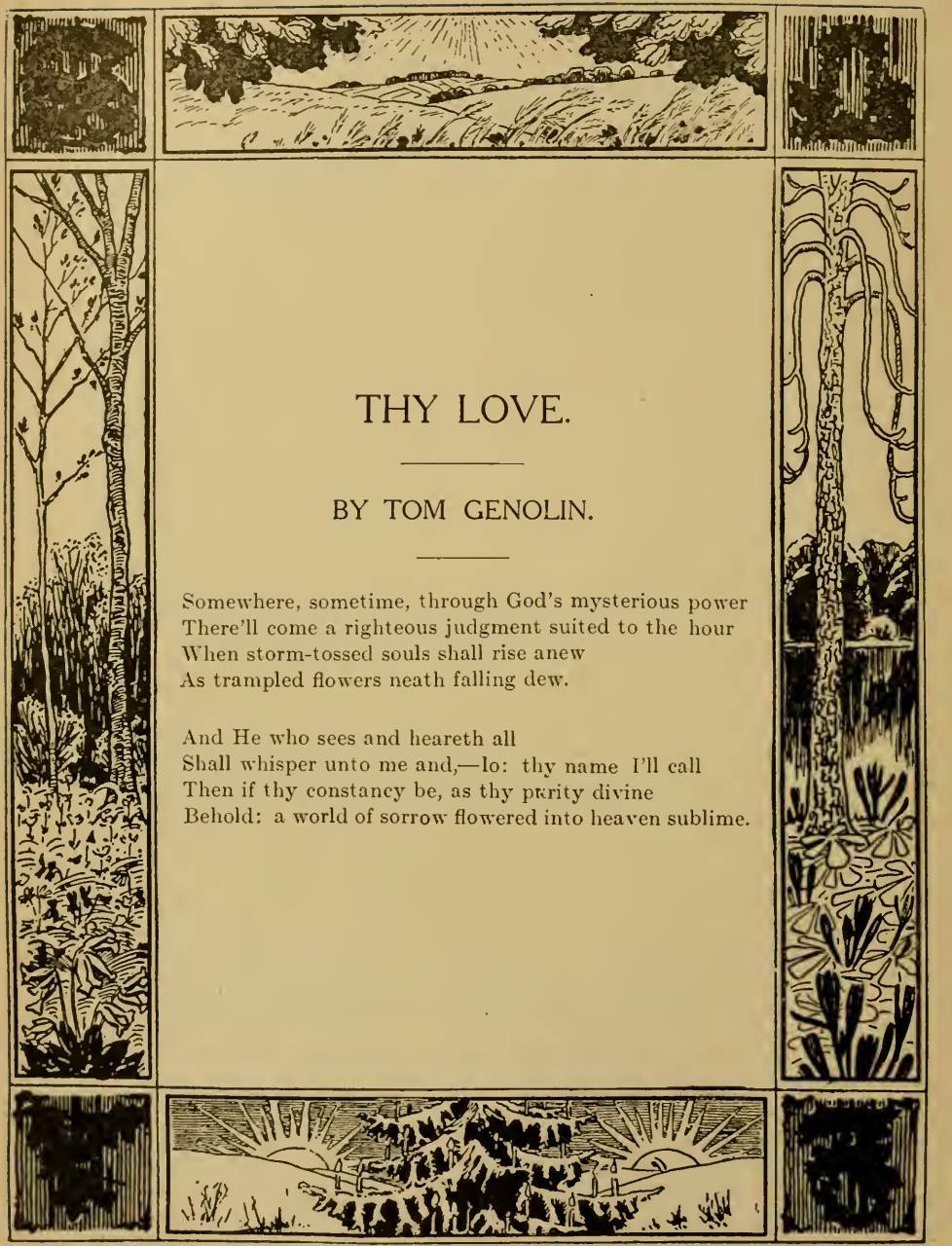
(*To be Continued.*)

THE QUEST.

BY S. H. LYLE, JR.

Ye olden time faire knightes in thrice-tried maill
  Pricked forth to seeke with sword and trustie lance
The boone of all the world, the Holie Graill,
  That none had found, yet should one finde by chance
On him would fall the mantle of true fame,
  And honour that o'er all the broade, faire earth
Would carrie as a wave his glorious name,
  And bringe to Time another hero's birth.

I set me once upon an arduous quest,
  Nor sword nor lance had I to win my way,
And from the journey's toil I sought no rest,
  But struggled on with newer hope each day;
And faithful yet to that resolve of youth
  I seek, unfinding still, the quest of truth.



THY LOVE.

BY TOM GENOLIN.

Somewhere, sometime, through God's mysterious power
There'll come a righteous judgment suited to the hour
When storm-tossed souls shall rise anew
As trampled flowers neath falling dew.

And He who sees and heareth all
Shall whisper unto me and,—lo: thy name I'll call
Then if thy constancy be, as thy purity divine
Behold: a world of sorrow flowered into heaven sublime.

THE MAIDENS OF MIDNIGHT.

BY ARNOLD B. HALL.

SEVEN years ago on a November night, I called on a friend in Meridian, Miss. He was, by profession, a lawyer, being advisory counsel for a leading Southern railway; yet, aside from his railroad duties he did little work, and hence had much leisure for literary enjoyment, of which he was exceedingly fond. From the inchoation of our friendship I had judged him to be a devotee of literature, and I moreover noted that he was especially fond of oriental romances.

His name was Emory Lewis and he was about my own age (thirty-one years), so that our tastes and ages having so much in common, an element of contact was formed for enduring friendship.

On the night of my visit referred to, I found Lewis examining a new and costly copy of "Lalla Rookh." This story was among his favorites, as I well knew, having once heard him quote long and beautiful passages from it.

"'Tulip-cheek' is the loveliest character ever created," he would say. "I know 'Portia' is accredited with that rank in literature, yet I love 'Lalla Rookh' better. The concensus of critics' opinion is not always my criterion."

I had often remarked that whenever he spoke on this theme his voice had a peculiar impressiveness, an enchanting variation, in which seemed blended a rare esthetic quality and a ring of lofty ambition. He recited its passages, as I have said before, in a manner which I have never before or since heard equalled. He seemed to reincarnate each time the characters, and I have seen him with 'Kitar' in his hands, impersonate 'Feramorz,' carrying out every detail of dress with striking reality. The memory of the melodies in his voice during these recitals will remain with me through life. He produced some rare old wine and also a decanter of champagne, after which a box of choice cigars. "This, I believe, is your favorite smoke," he said with a cheery smile.

The cozy fire in the grate cast a cheery, genial glow over the room as its light mingled with that of the student's lamp whose light was subdued with a lovely red shade. There was no elegance displayed in my friend's library in which we sat, save in a rich rug of lion hide and a mantel of Italian marble, a fragment he had obtained from an old palace while he was abroad three years prior to the opening of our narrative.

We talked casually of current events for over two hours, sipping our wine at intervals, and at last I rose to leave. "The hour is late," I said, "and I have a good volume of business to arrange before leaving the city, so I must be up early."

My friend, however, insisted so urgently that I remain over night with him that I at last yielded to his persistent entreaty. As we were undressing for bed, he said, "I have something to communicate to you, but you must first give me your promise as a fellow Mason that you will not

divulge the secret I tell you until my death, or until I permit its disclosure."

I complied with this strange request, and he began: "You may never have dreamed that I am a writer, although I am passionately fond of fine literature. I have secretly longed from my early youth to be a famous writer, especially a poet. I made many efforts then to write a volume of verses, but failed through sheer want of poetic genius. I have never since succeeded in securing any notice as a writer. My literary aspirations in that line have long since been choked, for my writings have invariably been returned by the editors of all magazines. I always received the usual note, courteously declining to accept my work. In the face of my constant yearning for fame as a writer, I must confess my inability to write; yet, believe me when I declare that I have in my library desk a poem that exceeds in beauty any work I have ever read. It eclipses in its finished phraseology my favorite, and the imagery is far more sublime than Milton's loftiest conception. Its grand beauty seems to play upon all the keys of thought and to range along the entire gamut of glorious passion, and," he paused for a moment, his face pale with intense feeling, his eyes shining with a lustre born of boundless enthusiasm, "I wrote it every word."

I waited in deep wonder for him to proceed, and a most marvelous and indescribable sense of wierdness—a strange phantasy of fear for my friend's sanity—mingled with the compelling interest aroused by his words and the earnestness accompanying them, came over me. "I alone wrote them," he continued, "and yet I know not how. The words are mine and yet I did not conceive the thoughts embodied in the verses nor the garments of glory—the ornate, majestic language, that robes each verse with untold and undreamed of brilliancy."

"The mystery about your strange tale deepens," I said, "and I am anxious to hear the conclusion" (for he had paused again in his speech, and I was eager to hear the explanation of his remarkable statements). My last words seemed to fall unheeded and unheard on him, for he was looking steadily at the fire, and a deep revery seemed to have suddenly stolen over his mind. It was several minutes before he again looked toward me and then his face bore an expression of most marvelous sorrow. He said, "Pardon me, please, for not replying sooner to your request, but—the fact is, I have been off for several minutes, I believe." Then, as my look of inquiry grew more apparent, he added, "Oh, of course, I forgot. You don't understand what I mean. I only left the room a few minutes."

Before I could inquire further what he meant, he resumed his narrative. Something in his expression as he had looked in the revery, coupled with his strange explanation of it and the strange sadness visible in his face when he had turned toward me, had produced a vague, uneasy sense of awe to come over my thoughts, so that the rest of his narrative served to deepen this sense of apprehension. Could I then have seen the future for me, I would not have marvelled at this intangible dread of the unseen.

"I will first show you this wonderful paper and reveal for your own satisfaction the mystic riddle which I have never unravelled and which, I believe, is beyond the ken of human ingenuity to solve."

He went to his library desk and opened a drawer. From it, he drew a long, narrow pink box. It was of purest ivory and the shade of paint was of a beautiful rose-pink. On the lid in deep maroon were embossed some grapes in fine clusters and a

scene of Bacchus at a festival of nymphs and goddesses.

"I bought this in Greece," he said.

He opened this and produced a small box of porphyry, similar in shape and curiously wrought with engravings of flowers and fruits.

"I found this in Persia. A princess of Arabia, visiting there, gave it to me as a token of her esteem. It was said to have been once highly prized at the court of the Orient where "Tan-Sein," the musician of incomparable skill, made his immortal melodies, and an Arab tradition relates that he owned it, having received it as a gift from the queen for his unusual skill displayed on a festival occasion given in honor of some visiting sovereign. For many years after his death it was (as the tradition tells) kept in a small chest of cedar over his grave, and afterwards kept filled with the leaves of the enchanted tree that grew over his tomb. It was believed that these overshadowing branches whispered to the spirit of "Tan-Sein" and that those who chewed its leaves would be inspired with the genius of the great musician."

He opened the inner box of porphyry and produced a roll of exquisite vellum on which were written verses in my friend's hand. He handed it to me and I began to read.

The pages were neatly numbered and plainly written with black ink, and the entire manuscript, I saw at a glance, was neatly arranged. I was struck with the profound beauty of the first line, and as I read verse after verse, I grew more amazed at its grandeur. The rhythm was enchanting, being pentameter throughout, the most perfect type of this measure, and the harmony was more exquisite than I have ever seen in literature. So eager was I to finish the reading of it that I sat completely absorbed in it, not even looking off the pages. The beauties of all the

great writers seemed to recede and the glory of their genius to be obscured.

Thus I read until I reached the conclusion. He watched me as I looked up, a peculiar expression in his eyes as if he beheld a wonderful scene which baffled explanation.

"It is the grandest thing by far that I have ever read," I said.

I glanced again at the paper to call his attention to one verse of transcendent beauty; but the writing had —vanished, the paper was blank, leaving no trace of the pen! I was so startled for several moments that I lost my power of speech. I recognized the paper and knew that a moment before it had the writing on it. I shuddered. Then I summoned my remaining courage and said: "How do you account for this remarkable disappearance?"

"It is a mystery to me," said Lewis, "and then I have a theory that may cause you to view it as I do. This theory is based upon a strange experience that yet remains to my mind wrapped in mystery. If you care to listen I will relate it."

I indicated my desire to hear it and he began: "The princess who gave me the box was a girl of captivating beauty. I loved her wildly and she loved me, but by reason of her father's fanatical faith in Mohammed, we were prevented from marrying. We tried to elope, but were captured, and I came near losing my life for my boldness. I lay in prison for four months and was treated with great cruelty by my Arabian captors. She smuggled me fruits and two letters, and one night stole to see me. Ah, I will never forget the ecstasy I felt as I drew her veil off and held her in my arms. I never saw her again, for before my release she was compelled to wed an accursed Mohammedan and, when I was given my liberty at last, I was forced to leave under penalty of death if I remained. She sent me a brief note telling me of her misery and of her changeless love for me. She incurred the risk of death in dispatching this message.

"There is a lady, young and beautiful, with whom I am acquainted, residing in a neighboring State. Although I have admired her very much, she has never seemed to like me even as a friend, and I have several enemies today who were made such by her influence. One night I lay in bed and longed to be a writer of renown. It seemed to me that the desire for genius as a writer was intensified as never before in my remembrance. At last, with the longing lingering in my mind I fell asleep. During my sleep, my lost princess seemed to come and sit by me. Her face looked sad, yet beautiful as ever, and when she looked at me her eyes lighted with a great gladness and all traces of sorrow seemed to vanish. She spoke and said, 'I have brought you something which you will prize above all else, save me. It is a poem which is the most wonderful you have ever heard. Listen, and write it tomorrow.'

"Then she seemed to speak those words of wonder in her low, musical voice. Every word she spoke was distinct and I heard plainly her own intonation. When she had finished she smiled sweetly and disappeared. I awoke and looked at my watch. It was ten minutes after twelve. Without waiting, I got out my paper you see here and began to write the words of my dream. I had no difficulty whatever in recalling them to memory, and as I am a rapid penman, the work was completed in two hours. The next morning, I told my stenographer to typewrite it and got the paper from this case where I had placed it. As I touched it, the words vanished instantly as you saw them. I have made repeated efforts to have

it taken down in shorthand, but the same thing would happen with each one who looked at the writing. The strangest thing is its re-appearance when I read it. When I seemed in a trance before you saw this tonight, I was pleading with the one who gave me this that you might be permitted to read it all. You are the only being save myself who has ever seen them all. I mean all the verses, for they would vanish. The power of the princess' love has, for this time, baffled the ill-will of another. I looked as if in a dream, yet my mind was in close communion with the beautiful Arab maiden far away. I was not asleep: but the transmission of thought would not permit me to converse with you. I have not been able so far to commit a single line to memory since the night I wrote, though I have tried many times, and you will be unable to."

I was trying then to recall the words, but they seemed to blend into a blurred memory.

"I will finish my story," he said. "The next night in my dreams I seemed to see the girl who I said before had disliked me for some mysterious cause. I have never done nor attempted to do her a wrong, but was once in a litigation against a cousin of hers. I was merely doing my duty for my client, for this was before I was in the employ of the railroad company. Had I known that the gentleman against whose plans I worked was her relative, I would in all probability have foreborne to enter into the case at all; but I was entirely nescient of the relationship. So I incurred her lasting hatred. I never knew why she disliked me before that. She had known something of my literary aspirations, also. In my dream she seemed to face me and look at me with eyes glittering with hatred. Her look seemed to chill me with fear and, as I started to cry out an appeal to her, she said: 'Your poem will never be published,' and she was gone."

"Do you believe," I said, "that these dreams explain it all?"

"Yes," he answered, "I believe that in dreams we are visited by the spirits of those whom we see or hear or feel. For instance, the voices we hear during our dreams are, I believe, the voices of spirits conversing with spirits. If it were not so, the sounds would not be so audible, despite all the psychologists who hold to other theories say."

"How can a spirit leave its tenement of flesh during life?" I inquired.

"I believe," he answered, "that through divine power the process of life can be maintained without the presence of the spirit, and that we often leave our bodies and visit other places and persons, while likewise others, friends and enemies, are with us—either to cheer or trouble, to inspire with hope or to cause some distress."

"You believe, then, that dreams are merely experiences of spirits?"

"Yes," he said, "and the spirit may revisit some place it has seen while in the body. It can feel, see, hear, touch, taste or smell, retaining the senses of the body. If it could not, we would never experience a feeling of love or hate, hope or despair, triumph or defeat, loneliness or longing, in a dream."

"About what hour did you have this second dream?" I inquired.

"Between twelve and one o'clock," he replied.

The hour was very late, and we went immediately to bed; but my friend's story had sunk deep into my mind.

A few months after my visit I was again in Meridian, and, hearing that he was ill, I went to see him. It was early in May. The soft moonlight shed its flood of brilliancy over the

city. It was early in the evening. I knocked softly at the door, for I was afraid the noise of the door-bell would disturb my friend. Receiving no response, I went inside. The long hall was dark.

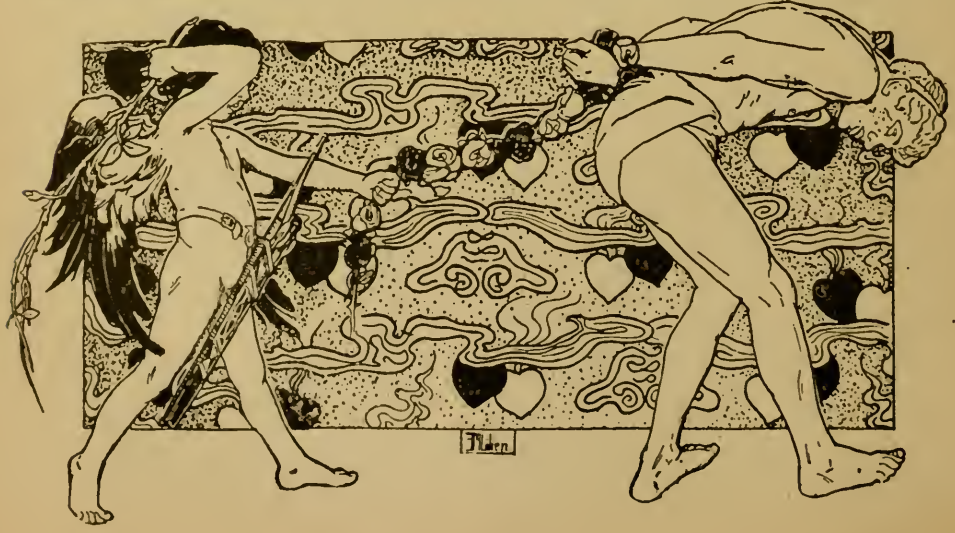
"The maid must have gone out for something," I said, "and the butler seems to be away too. Servants are very careless."

I turned into his bedroom at the right of the hall. No light was burning, but the moonlight streamed in through the parted curtains of the large bay window. I saw my friend lying on the bed. His face was turned upward and was deathly pale. I started at seeing him thus, yet thought that the moonlight had accentuated the pallor of his features. As I started toward the bed a few feet away two figures suddenly appeared.

The forms before me were those of two women, who moved with noiseless steps to the bedside. Both of them were facing me and I studied the faces and forms closely. I knew that they were not in the room when I entered it, for everything therein was plainly discernible. Each of them looked at me, and in the eyes of one who stood over him was written a glad greeting of gratitude, as if she were telling me of her friendship for me as his friend. She seemed decidedly an oriental type of womanhood and was strikingly beautiful. For a moment she looked at me, then pointed toward my friend. She placed her hand on his head and an expression of deep pity passed over her face.

The other figure stood by her, also looking upon his still face, but in her face was portrayed bitter hatred. For several moments they stood thus and then grew more and more indistinct to my vision until at last they vanished entirely and seemed to mingle with the moonbeams—lost in the light. I touched my friend and called him, but he was lifeless and nearly cold. By his side was the paper that had borne the strange writing—the gift of his good genius, whose blessing had been thwarted by an evil will. Its glory that would have made him famous had flitted like an elusive fancy before him—ever near, yet far away, a haunting splendor that always evaded his touch.

The servants came in after a little while. He had requested them to leave him for a while—to go off the place and leave him alone.



COLONIAL VIRGINIA AND THE FATHER OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

To the study of any historical character it is well to bring some general ideas of the times in which he lived. As far as we can, we should put ourselves in his place, realize the conditions under which he labored, weigh the difficulties which beset him; and then compare the situation as he left it with that which he found. Each of The Fathers who created our Republic would be considered from the point of view of colonial times. In no other way can we see these men as they should be seen. It is the local coloring which alone can call them to life again, the historical back-ground against which they stand out distinct, real and majestic. *"Bring back the storm!"* demanded the orator when he was asked to repeat the sermon to which the thunder and lightning had brought their aid to his terrible eloquence;—the storm and the sermon *together* had produced the effect, and without the one the other would be incomplete. We cannot "bring back the storm," cannot resurrect the era in which our great ancestors worked, and therefore cannot be sure that our judgments of them are correct. Nevertheless, we can be certain of the fact that their world was as different from ours as their's was from feudalism. We can, if we will, trace the old land-marks, and peer through the mists into those by-gone ages when so much that is now old was new, seeing as through a glass, darkly.

We go back to a world wherein the bravest of men crouch before king, priest, and noble; wherein the serf labors for his lord; wherein the aristocracy holds the keys of this world, and the church those of the next; wherein hands, feet, tongue, mind and soul are none of them free; wherein Privilege, crystallized into law, lives at the expense of the mass of the human race. We go back to a world wherein the code drips blood, and religion is a flaming sword; wherein hoary falsehoods and vested absurdities fetter the minds of men; wherein the pioneer carries his life in his hand, as he runs the gauntlet of ignorance, superstition, prejudice and law-sanctioned wrong. To the end of time should the names of the heroes who led the way out of this darkness be names of honor. Greater than all the kings, mightier than all the conquerors were those who won for their posterity the right to think, to speak, and to do; the right to carry the entire human family into the enjoyment of the world God made for all.

To throw off the burden and the yoke of governmental wrong, the Dutch had defied Spain, when to defy Spain was to challenge king, pope, and the mightiest of ruling powers; to escape the burden and the yoke equally brave men settled these American colonies. But the spell of heredity, custom, ignorance, and prejudice was too strong to be broken at once; and the colonists brought with them and planted much that was evil.

And so it came to pass that in government, law and religion the New World too much resembled the old. State affairs fell into ancient

grooves; the code reeked with savagery, religion with persecution. There was serfdom; there was imprisonment for debt; there were the branding iron, the lash, the pillory, and the shears to vindicate the majesty of the law; there were the jails, the gibbets, and the stake to emphasize the glory of Christianity. All these foul growths were there among the American colonists as the thirteen sparsely-peopled communities, strung along the Atlantic, shoved back step by step from the sea-board into the wilderness, as fast as trees could be cut and Indians killed.

Liberty of speech, of conscience, and of conduct—was struggling for recognition, but was not yet on its feet; that the consent of the people was the true basis of government was a principle discussed but not yet established; that equality of opportunity, of treatment before the law, and of power in the State, *is the ideal of good government*, was a doctrine not then quite orthodox; and that the State owed education to its poor was a duty disowned oftener than admitted.

In these thirteen straggling colonies nothing had taken definite form, and conditions were more or less chaotic. There were all classes of men from the educated wealthy white aristocrat, to the ignorant, poor, black slave. Almost every race was represented and almost every creed, color, and calling—raw material which might be fashioned into nationality when some tremendous peril or necessity should hammer the separate strands into one.

In Virginia there were conditions peculiar to that colony. After the first settlers had made a trial of community of goods, and had discovered that the doctrine sounded better than it worked, they had gone into the old ruts. They had accepted Indian help as long as they could get it, and had then shot the Indian for being in the way. They had spread out over the land, calling it their's, picking flaws in the Indian titles with bayonets and balls. When the first of the hurly-burly was done, and the rich tide-water region secured to the whites, it was found that the choicest lands belonged to the choicest men; and those who got nothing under the first dispensation saw the necessity of moving Westward where good land was yet to be had on the original terms.

The colonial establishment in Virginia was a rude copy of the government in the old country. There was a Governor, appointed by England; there was a Council composed of rich planters, an imitation House of Lords; and there was a representative body, the Burgesses, on the order of the Commons. The residence of the Governor was "the palace;" his favorites "the court," and his opinions were the standards of loyalty in politics and orthodoxy in religion.

On the whole the colonial system sat lightly on the Virginians. They prospered in spite of it, and grew accustomed to its burdens.

Likewise came such governors as Spotswood, Yeardley, Fauquier, Botetourt, and many others, who fell into the ways of Virginians, liked them and were liked by them—allowing the colony to thrive by letting it grow, unhampered by too much government.

As is often the case, the laws were worse than the people. The old Virginia code was a London product, the creation of king, lord, and priest. Its barbarity was similar to that of other codes made by the same parties. It was death to speak disrespectfully of the King of England, or of the Trinity, or of any article in the established creed;

death to be convicted the third time of swearing; *death to be thrice guilty of not going to church twice each Sunday!*

The citizen who failed or refused to seek out the minister and make a statement of his faith, was to be whipped from day to day until he did so. The Captain of the Watch was duty bound to search the houses and compel the inmates to muster out to divine service,—"the sick and the hurt excepted." To prevent the ungodly from escaping to the woods, the gates of the town were locked, and the keys laid on the table in the church. To assure such religion as this to posterity, the lawmakers established taxes for the benefit of the clergy, and each of the ministers drew handsome salaries from the public treasury, besides being furnished with house and grounds.

Such were some of the articles of the old colonial code, a code which was never much more than a dead-letter. *One* witch may have been put to death; Dissenters, Quakers and Baptists were sometimes persecuted, but the religion of the Virginians fitted them loosely, and they were too easy-going, profane, and worldly-minded to become good religious fanatics. "*Damn your souls, raise tobacco!*" exclaimed an Attorney-General of England to a Virginia delegation which had gone over there to seek aid in establishing a college, alleging that the college would contribute to the saving of souls. Tobacco was then worth about one thousand dollars per hogshead, of which England took the lion's share.

The clergy themselves were partly to blame for the lax moral tone of the colony. There were parsons who gambled, bet on horse races, got drunk, swore, patronized balls, and led the fox chase. One clergyman fought a duel, another assaulted his vestrymen in the church, and after a lively battle put them to rout; another during the service, became dissatisfied with the loaf on the communion table, and called out to the church warden, "*George, this bread is not fit for a dog.*"

Around the royal governors, what was more natural than that favorites should cluster? A few great families divided among themselves the good things to be had at "court." The tobacco lords assembled at Williamsburg in the winter when the Legislature and the General Court met, and the capital was ablaze with social festivities.

In the summer the town was deserted, and the Governor would make a round of visits to the stately homes of the planters. A few of the favored having seized upon all that was best, arranged to keep it. They adopted the English law of entails and primogeniture; lands passed from father to oldest son; could not be sold; and could not be reached by debts. Thus heredity and monopoly locked arms in the good old way, and *the first families of Virginia* were indeed at the head of the colonial procession.

These owners of the vast estates in Virginia became the landed aristocracy. They lived in baronial style; they rode fine horses, or lumbered along the highway in four-horse coaches; they bought and sold in the London market. They disdained manual labor, as true Patricians should, and they lived at ease on borrowed money, or upon the toil of white indebted servants and black slaves. Open-handed, warm-hearted, self-willed, high-spirited, they enjoyed Today, neglected Tomorrow, built big houses, feasted all comers, endorsed everybody's note, raced horses,

fought chickens, played cards, drank whiskey, sprinkled every sentence with an oath, revelled in outdoor sports, were quick to fight, knew little and cared less about books, and were superbly conscious of their superiority to the common white trash which had no land, no ancestry, and no huge white houses bearing high-sounding names. Intolerant, full of pride, prejudice and self-importance, these tobacco lords were brave, truthful, honest—loyal to friend, creed and country, generous and frank. Toward women of their own class they were most gallant; and among men they carried a high sense of honor which tolerated no insult.

Life was taken more quietly then than now. Nobody seems to have been in a hurry, about *anything*. The man who dropped in, casually, for a visit, might stay a week, or a month. Time was the cheapest thing in the colony; and that is saying a great deal, for most things were cheap,— land, labor, food, raiment, fuel, shelter. Nervous prostration was a disease unknown; debts were allowed to run along from one generation to another, neither party to the contract manifesting indecent haste, to pay or to collect. Even the tax-collector, so drowsy was the age, sometimes nodded.

Self-governing in local affairs, as they had practically been for so many generations, the Virginians were just the men to resist discipline of any sort. Loyal to the church, they wanted to have their own way in pretty much everything; and when the church sought to make good its own pleasure (in the matter of salary, for instance) orthodox Virginia was up in protest, and Patrick Henry bounded into fame "when he plead against the parsons." Loyal to the crown, the Virginians had so long controlled their home-affairs that when the king rubbed the hair the wrong way (with Stamp Acts and so forth) colonial wrath burst out again, and once more it was Patrick Henry who gave it voice.

And so, when the time came, when the high-headed men of the Old Dominion were convinced that King George meant to really govern them from across the water, taking away from them that freedom without which life is worth little to the brave and proud, they were ready to risk all and to dare all, rather than yield.

Below the landed aristocracy, in the social and political scale, were the white farmers who owned no land, or whose property was small, or who were newcomers and had only recently patented their tracts of wilderness.

Below this yeoman class were the shiftless, or roving free whites, the white bond-servants, and the negro slaves. Between these classes, "the poor white trash" was caught as between the upper and nether millstone; he was scorned by the white aristocrat and despised by the black slave.

The Jeffersons did not belong to the landed aristocracy of Virginia, although they had been among the first comers, and one of the family had represented Flower-de-Hundred in the colonial assembly of 1619. The family was of Welsh descent as they believed, and occupied the position of middle-class yeomen, owned land and slaves, but were not wealthy or very prominent.

Peter Jefferson, the father of the great statesman, made his way to success by sheer force of character. He was not educated, and had no capital to begin life on, but vast physical strength, dauntless courage,

unceasing energy, and the soundest common-sense. He was a land-surveyor, like Washington, and he married well—like Washington. Business dealings having thrown him and Col. Randolph together, the aristocrat and the yeoman became friends. When young Jefferson sought in marriage the hand of Jane Randolph, none of the proud kindred of the lady raised any objection, and through this marriage the Jeffersons entered the highest circles of Virginia, socially and politically. Peter Jefferson never became a rich man, but he accumulated a handsome property in land and slaves. When he decided to make him a new home on the Rivanna, in the section afterwards organized into the county called Albemarle, he found neighbors scarce and land cheap. The wilderness was still there, and the Indian trails were hardly cold. To acquire land, little or nothing was needed beyond the taking out of a patent from the crown; and when Mr. Jefferson wished to get 400 acres additional, for a more desirable building site, the cost was *"a bowl of punch"*—a jest evidently meant to cover a gift. At this place, Peter Jefferson cleared off the forest and built a house, calling the home Shadwell, in honor of his wife's birthplace in London. In the new county of Albemarle, he became an important man, was County Surveyor, Justice of the Peace, and Colonel of the County, successively,—those offices then carrying with them grave responsibilities and powers. As Colonel of the County, he had control of its military resources and it was his duty to guard it against Indian depredations. He was employed by the Crown to assist in running part of the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina. Also to aid in making a map of Virginia. His official position, and the situation of his home between the frontier and Williamsburg, caused the friendly red men to be much at his house.

Delegations from the tribes, on their way to and from the capital frequently stopped with him, and they were well treated. Upon the mind of his son, these friendly chiefs made an impression which lasted through life. He ever afterwards spoke and wrote of the Indians kindly, and when he became President did his utmost to protect them from white marauders and land-grabbers.

In 1755 Peter Jefferson was elected to the House of Burgesses, but he probably spent most of his time in the performance of his duty as Colonel of his County. After the Braddock defeat of that year, there was a reign of terror on the border for many months. There were Indian massacres and white man retaliations, wild deeds of ferocity on both sides, and before it was all over, Peter Jefferson sickened and died,—August 17, 1757—in the fiftieth year of his age.

In politics Mr. Jefferson was a Whig, in religion he was of the established (Episcopal) Church. Illiterate, he sought to remove that disadvantage by diligent reading of the great English classics. Appreciating the value of learning he had early sent his children to school, and on his deathbed he directed that his oldest son, Thomas, should receive a thorough classical education.

ONLY A DARKEY.

BY ANNA WALKER DOUGHTY.

He tried in the noon-time glory,
When the sun was at its height;
And the poor old fingers trembled
As they gathered the cotton white.
But the broken voice was chanting
As he stooped where the cotton grew,
"There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.'

And the autumn calm was stealing
The summer's smile away;
While the fields held a wealth of golden grain
And the air was sweet with hay;
But those eyes were dim and failing,
And only the old heart knew,
There were broader fields in a fairer clime,
Where Eden blossoms grew.

So down the rows he shuffled
With the heavy cotton sack
Swung round the weary shoulders,
Weighting the bended back;
And how sweet to his soul the message
As he toiled in the mid-day sun,
"There is rest for the weary,"
When the life-time work is done.

So they found him there in the night-time
And the trembling hands were still;
And the poor old head was resting,
On the sack he had tried to fill;
He was only a worn out darkey
Who toiled where the cotton grew,
But an angel white had whispered,
"There is rest for you.'

WINDER, GA.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir.—1. Please explain as simply and as concretely as possible the meaning of the "Gold Standard," showing the superiority, if any, of gold as a standard, over other metals which might be used as standards.

2. What are said to be some of the chief advantages of bimetalism?

3. How is the value of a franchise partaking of a public nature determined, and who determines it?

4. What are said to be the advantages of maintaining a public debt, and how does it happen that there are advantages, if any?

5. What do you consider to be the fairest and best history of the United States?

6. I desire to have a thorough understanding of the fundamental principles of money and banking so that I can come to some conclusion as to what systems I favor. But my greatest difficulty in getting this understanding is the *too abstractness* of the literature I have read on the subject. Now can't you suggest a few of the simplest and most concrete treatises on these subjects? Then mention a treatise more abstract.

The book "Sophisms of Protection" by Bastial, which you previously suggested to one of your readers, contains the most intricate thought expressed in such simple language that I have ever known.

—

ANSWER.

(1) By Gold Standard is meant, that all money shall be maintained on an equality with gold coin. There would be no harm in this, if the Government went about it in the right way. Every single one of our dollars *ought to be* equal to every other dollar. There should never be a single dollar passing for less than its face value,—as was the case with the *Trade Dollar,* some years ago.

The scientific and sensible method to adopt in establishing an absolute equality among all kinds of dollars, is to *give to each dollar exactly the same monetary power and usefulness.*

As long as I can do precisely the same things with paper dollars that I can with gold dollars, I had just as lief have the paper dollars,—if they ain't *too* old and nasty.

As long as you can do precisely the same thing with silver dollars that you can with gold dollars, one is just as valuable to you as the other.

Therefore, the Gold Standard ought to have been established by doing away with every law which *gave gold an advantage at the mint and in circulation.* When silver is coined on equal terms with gold, *and the law makes them equals as money,* it doesn't matter whether you call it Gold Standard or Silver Standard. It will be the same thing, under either name.

Then if paper money, issued by the Government is given the same powers to satisfy debts and dues of all kinds, the paper will go to the metallic standard by the irresistible law of *"Things equal to the same things, are equal to each other."*

The folly and injustice of the present Gold Standard consists,

First, in piling up a huge sum of idle, useless money which is called the Gold Reserve. The secret purpose of this policy is to *keep that huge sum of real money out of circulation, and* OUT OF COMPETITION WITH NATIONAL BANK PAPER.

Second, in requiring the Treasury to swap gold dollars for silver and paper when Wall Street has one of its big games on hand.

Third, in violating the Constitution of the United States and upsetting the currency system adopted by Washington, Hamilton and Jefferson.

Fourth, in creating an unnatural, undemocratic and *hurtful inequality* between gold and other kinds of money when, under the Constitution, *there should be absolute equality.*

When you remember that the Trade Dollar which used to be current at 80 cents, *contained more pure silver than the standard silver dollar,* which was current at 100 cents, you need not be reminded that the cause of the difference was that *the smaller coin was full legal tender,* and the larger one was *not.*

(2). Bimetalism, of itself, has no advantages. But silver and gold, *together,* give us *a greater quantity* of money. Much nonsense has been spoken and printed in the name of Bimetalism. Mr. Bryan, himself, evidences a confusion and shallowness of thought upon this subject. In a London speech, he referred to Bimetalism as if it meant two horses to a wagon, or two legs to a human being. He spoke of how much better the United States could have *"walked on two legs"*—silver and gold—than upon one leg,—gold. Here was a curious misconception of *money.* Expansion of the currency has a distinct bearing upon values and prosperity; so does Contraction; but *Bimetalism by itself has no effect upon prices.* It is the *quantity* of standard money which matters,—*not the constituent parts of the currency system.* Whether *all* the money is gold, or *half of it silver,* makes no difference whatever. The quality being the same, *it is the quantity* that sends prices up, or down.

(3). The value of any Franchise may be ascertained by subtracting the actual cost of the plant from the amount of capitalization.

This rule would apply to all corporations—railroads, telegraphs, telephones, gas plants, street car companies, etc.

Where the original cost of plant is incapable of proof, substitute for it an estimate of *the cost of duplicating the plant.* Then, deduct this amount from the sum at which the corporation has capitalized itself, and you will have, in the Remainder, *the value of the Franchise.*

(4). A public debt will never be a blessing or benefit until we find some way to make private debts a source of happiness. A public debt is always advantageous to the favored few who deal in the securities; to all others *it is just a debt,* to be paid by taxation.

(5). Bancroft, as far as he goes. Bruce's is a satisfactory one volume History of the United States.

(6). Read "Our Monetary Wars," by Leavitt; "The Legal Tender Problem," by Kinnaird, of Nashville, Tenn.; and "The Conflict of the Ages," by C. L. Poorman, of Bellaire, Ohio. Read also "The Hocus Pocus Money Book," by Albert Griffin, of Topeka, Kansas.

SHELTON, S. C., Aug. 14, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,

Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: I have become very much interested in your magazine and weekly paper. I have read with unusual interest your editorials on the steel trust, the tariff, and watered railroad stock.

I am not sure that I understand how railroad stock is watered, hence the reason I have asked permission to have this letter and the answers published in your educational department.

1. Is railroad stock watered by the stockholders or owners selling stock in excess of the real value of the company? Please explain the manner in which fraud is perpetrated.

2. Please tell me where The Hague, the place where the Peace Conference last met, is located.

Yours truly,
ROBT. R. JEFFARES.

—

ANSWER.

(1). Stock-watering can best be explained by illustration. Suppose a railroad corporation like the Atlantic Coast Line is capitalized at say, $50,000,000. It runs along, earning dividends until the net profits will amount to 30 per cent. Then the corporation will decide that the stock must be watered. New stock to the amount of another $50,000,000, we will say, is issued, and this new stock is divided out among the various owners of the old stock. The new stock does not cost the stockholders one dollar beyond their original investment. The issue of the new stock does not bring into the Treasury of the corporation one single dollar of additional capital.

Yet the capitalization of the company has been increased $50,000,000.

This new stock which costs the stockholders nothing is called "watered stock."

The additional capitalization which brings no money into the Treasury is called "water."

How does "watered stock" injure the public?

It is a fictitious capitalization, a pretended investment, upon which the railroad managers claim the right to earn dividends, just as they do upon actual investments. Transportation rates and charges are made with the object of compelling the public to pay something for nothing.

If a statute is adopted requiring the roads to lower their rates, they come up with the fictitious capitalization, along with the genuine investment, and they plead that unless they are allowed to make net profits on the "water" as well as on the real and true capitalization, the entire property,—lock, stock and barrel,—has been Confiscated.

And a lot of fool judges, State and Federal, have been shameless enough to sustain the plea!

(2). The Hague is the name of the capital city of Holland. It is one of the oldest, most historically interesting, and most beautifully embellished cities in Europe.

——

WINCHELL, TEXAS.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: Will you please answer the following questions through your valuable paper?

1. How can National banks contract or expand the amount of money in circulation?

2. What was the real cause of the panic of 1893-4.

3. How many yards of calico or domestic would a 500-pound bale of cotton make, and

4. What would be the cost of manufacturing it into cloth?

May the Lord bless you in expounding the truth for a down-trodden people.

Yours truly,
J. G. SOLOMON.

—

ANSWER.

(1). The National Banks can expand the currency at any time by simply starting up the machine and stamping more paper as money. Uncle Sam buys the machine, has the plates engraved, furnishes the paper, hires all the labor, does all the work,

gets what remuneration he can out of that little tax of one per cent. on circulation. It is a beautiful partnership in which Uncle Sam and the Banker go into cahoot to cut down a tree, and Uncle Sam does every bit of the cutting. The Banker merely furnishes the grunts.

The Currency is *Contracted* when the National Banks call in their notes and have them destroyed.

(2). The Bankers' Associations were determined to force Congress to put the country on a Gold basis, and the Panic of 1893 was precipitated by the Wall Street men in order to furnish the country an "object lesson," and to compel the repeal of the law which required the National Treasurer to buy silver for money purposes.

(3.), The number of yards varies with the grade of cloth. One pound of lint cotton will make 16 yards of cloth of a certain kind. One bale of cotton, 500 pounds, would therefore turn out 8,000 yards of cloth. The heavier the cloth the smaller the number of yards, of course.

The cost of manufacturing varies, also. Where cotton mills clear 25 per cent. net profit, as many of them have been doing, the cost of producing cloth would be about three-fourths of the price *which the manufacturer gets.*

By the time the wholesale merchant and the retailer have added on their virtuous little profits, the price of the cotton goods will probably *double the cost of manufacturing.*

By the time the Farmers' Union editors get as many subscribers to their excellent papers as they think reasonably just, THE JEFFERSONIAN hopes to hear the pack open in full cry after the sly fox which does more mischief to the farmers of this country than all the other "varmints" combined,—and that's the Tariff.

MOBILE, ALA., Aug. 18, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: I intend buying sometime soon histories on the following subjects:. The ancient Hebrews; the mediæval Jews; and the modern Jews. Will you kindly state, in your next issue of the JEFFERSONIAN whose works you consider the most authentic on these subjects, and where I can obtain them?

Wishing the brilliant editor of the JEFFERSONIAN a long life replete with health, happiness, and prosperity, I am,

Very respectfully yours,
J. H. CARNEY.

ANSWER.

Ewald's "History of Israel," eight volumes, brings the narrative down to Apostolic times.

Milman's "History of the Jews," gives the story *after* the fall of Jerusalem.

Schurer relates the "History of the Jewish people at the time of Christ."

And then, of course, there is the work of the Jewish historian, Josephus. The early Monks made some alterations in his text, and at least one clumsy interpolation, but any scholar will tell you what these forgeries are and you can disregard them.

MAGNOLIA, ALA., Sept. 12, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: You will please pardon one of so humble standing to ask for a bit of your valuable time, such seeming simple questions as I am about to ask of you, but I can't get them answered closer home, so this is the reason I come to you. I saw in one of your last year's magazines one question similar to the one I would like to know, and that is this: Have the County Commissioners of any county the right to grant any rail-

road corporation the public highway for their right of way? If not, how are the people to help themselves? What is a Commissioner's real duty to his county, and should they not be under bond? I was notified to go to the county seat, to say why my property should not be raised in value. What I would like to know is, why do our taxes have to be raised every other year, and especially when there is one-half to one million dollars in the State treasury?

Can you predict when and where the end of these raises will be? I would like to have your views on taxation. Is there no law or court to reach a county Commissioner? In the name of God and man, is there no way to stop the squandering of the people's money by thievish officers? If there be a way, please point it out for the common people.

If you wish to publish this you can do so. I hope I have not presumed upon your patience too much. Hoping you many years in which to carry on your noble work, I beg to remain always,

Your sincere friend,
J. E. ALSTON.

—

ANSWER.

County, State, and National authorities have no legal right to give Rights of Way to Railroads, Telegraphs, or Telephones, along the public highway.

The *public does not own the land* occupied by a public road. The public owns an Easement therein, and nothing more. In other words, the public has acquired the right to make free use of the road-bed, *for the purposes of travel* only. The public has no right to sell the road, or any part of it, nor has the public the right to put the road *to any other use* than that of travel.

If the road is changed, or discontinued, *the Easement of travel is at an end*, and the landowner can do what he pleases with the road-bed. *The Public* has nothing further to do with it.

Even while the public is using the roadbed as a highway, the owner could erect overhead or underneath the surface, any kind of structure, or conduct any sort of operations which would not interfere with the travel on the road. No one else could do so,—the public could not do so.

The brazen effrontery with which the corporations have moved into the public roads, dug holes in land which they did not own, and stretched wires in the air, above the road,—*where the public has no rights*,—is simply amazing. In this way, the Yankee Corporations have bluffed the people out of Rights of Way worth untold millions. *Of course*, you have a legal remedy. Employ a competent, honest lawyer; he will know what to do.

Taxes going up?

Why, of course they are. "*Where will it stop?*"

It isn't going to stop. At least, it will not stop until fools quit voting for knaves; and the prospect for *that* coming about is mortal dim. It is hard to say who seems to be the most contented with the *status quo*, the knaves or the fools.

Today, I read an editorial in the *Courier-Journal*, the great Democratic paper of Henry Watterson. It sounded like old times. For Henry was lambasting the Republicans, good and hard, about Tariff iniquities and things; and Henry wound up by telling his dear readers that they need not expect the Republicans to reform the Tariff, but that the *Democrats*,—

At this stage, my fit came on me, and I lost the rest of what Henry was a-saying.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

BEAUMONT, TEXAS, Aug. 9, 1907.

MR. THOS. E. WATSON, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—I have been reading some of the back numbers of your Magazine, and have formed a most favorable opinion of its good character and work.

I have read your history of Napoleon and consider myself fortunate. I especially endorse your method of telling all the truth, good and bad.

I wish you would send me your JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE beginning with the April number, for which I enclose check for $1.50.

Yours with high regard,

A. A. BAILEY.

RIPLEY, TENN.

THOS. E. WATSON, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—My father was a strong Whig in the days of Andrew Jackson and he preserved a letter he got possession of from Andrew Jackson to Major Wm. B. Sims dated February 28, 1845, in which he scores Col. Polk in regard to Mr. Buchanan, accusing them of intrigue, etc. It is mostly about the appointment of the Secretary of State. Polk, Tyler and Laughlin come in for their share of criticism. The letter is two pages closely written matter on the old-fashioned paper.

I have just read your article in the June number of your Magazine and thought that as you were showing Jackson's record you would like to have this letter. Has it any money value?

Yours truly,

T. BUN CARSON.

NOTE: This original Jackson letter has financial value. T. E. W.

RANDOLPH, ME., July 21, 1907.

MR. THOMAS E. WATSON.

Sir:—When you published your paper in Georgia years ago, I was one of your subscribers and I got some of your books also. When you sold out your paper, I sold out too; I took so much interest and comfort in your editorials that I felt lost without them. In looking over the magazines in the bookstore I noticed TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE, and I could not believe that it was my Tom until I looked at the first editorial, and a few lines convinced me that it was really my Tom. I got all of the numbers until the Explanatory: "Hon. Thomas E. Watson is no longer connected with *Watson's Magazine.*" That was all I wanted to hear, I saw that I had lost Tom again. This week I noticed in my *American Citizen* a slip that I will enclose which gives me to understand that you are publishing a Magazine of your own. If so, don't fail to send me a copy, so I can arrange to take them with back numbers if possible.

I will enclose stamp and hope to hear from you in due time. I take great interest in politics, and like to get it straight, and the man that draws the line and hews to it and lets the chips fall where they will and can tell the truth, is a man after my own heart and cannot be too radical to suit me.

With my best wishes for your success, I remain, Yours respectfully,

WILLIS KEENE.

11 Pleasant Street.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, July 13, 1907.

THOS. E. WATSON, ESQ., Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—Referring to your favor

to me of October 23rd last. I lost all sight of the story of Jackson until one day I happened to pass a periodical store and saw the March number of your Magazine, which I purchased. I tried to get the April and May number, but could not, because they told me that they could not get it.

My room mate, who is a Georgian, was at his old home in Atlanta the other day, and knowing that I wanted the Magazine, he saw your son, or brother, I do not know which, and I paid for a year's subscription to it.

I desire to call, if you please, your attention to *Watson's Magazine* for the month of May 1906, and page 447, where you speak of the wife of Col. John Allen of Shelbyville, Ky., as one of the heroines of American history. As this lady was my great grandmother I will be only too glad if you will let me know where you obtained the information. I thought I knew everything, but I find I do not. I certainly would appreciate the information.

Should you ever come this way, and I hope you will some day, I want you to let me know. I am a bachelor with a flat and spare room, and the latch string is on the outside. Though born in Cincinnati, my people were for generations residents of Kentucky, and came to Kentucky from Virginia. I hope you will accept my invitation.

I read with interest in the January number, about Col. Mann. I am well acquainted with this individual. We ran for years on this road the Mann cars. I was not surprised when I read your article, as I say I was well acquainted with him.

Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Very truly yours,

PARKER DICKSON.

Flat No. 24 Ortiz Building.

ATLANTA, GA., Aug. 10, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON, Editor WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN, Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir:—A few days ago I received a letter from Baltimore, Md., postmarked at 9:30 a. m., Aug. 1. This letter did not reach Atlanta until Aug. 2, at 5:40 p. m. Upon investigation I find that mail from New York City, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, D. C., leaving New York at 4:30 a. m. and Washington at 11 a. m. are dispatched by Southern Railway No. 29 to Greensboro, N. C., and dropped off there for Southern No. 39 the following morning.

Now if this mail was carrried on to Chester, S. C., by Southern No. 29 and put off there to be picked up by S. A. L. No. 41, it would reach Atlanta at 8:35 a. m. instead of 5:40 p. m. by Southern Railway No. 39 *nine hours* and five minutes later.

How do you account for this unless some one is getting a graft out of it?

I enclose sheets taken from a schedule published by the P. O. D.

Under head of Washington and Greensboro R. P. O. you will find train No. 29 leaves Washington at 11 a. m. with connection from New York leaving at 4:30 a. m.

Train No. 29 arrives at Greensboro, N. C., at 7:20 p. m. At bottom of second sheet under head of train No. 29 you will find list of letter pouches made up by that train. In this list is, Louisiana, Atlanta, Ga., and "Greensboro and Atlanta No. 39."

This mail leaves Greensboro, N. C., train No. 39 at 4:15 a. m. following morning.

Under head of Greensboro and Jacksonville R. P. O. you find train No. 29 passes Chester, S. C., at 12:10 a. m. and under Hamlet and Atlanta R. P. O. we find S. A. L. train No. 41 passes this point at 12:54 a. m. allowing 44 minutes to make transfer from Southern to S. A. L. stations.

If you will bring this matter before the public through your magazine I believe that sufficient influence will be brought to bear on the P. O. D. to force them to discontinue delaying mail in this manner.

Respectfully,

A CITIZEN OF ATLANTA.

LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA., July 4, 1907.
MR. THOMAS WATSON.

Dear Sir:—In subscribing for your Magazine through *The Commoner* last March, I requested that the subscription begin from the first copy of your JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE and received January, February and March, but none since. I miss it very much and hope you will now change my address from 2218 Dwight Way, Berkeley, Cal., to Lake Providence, Louisiana. Will you send me also a sample copy of the Weekly that you contemplated publishing?

I never subscribed for *Tom Watson's Magazine,* because I liked the courtesy of my son bringing it to me as soon as it appeared on the news stands. Whenever he came in with his hand behind him and a bright smile on his face I knew there was a treat in store for me and reaching out, would say, "Give me Thomas Watson's editorials."

Long may your pen call patriots to duty! Respectfully,

MRS. WM T. BELL.

(NOTE: We sincerely appreciate Mrs. Bell's letter. Under our new circulation clerk, we trust that complaints of non-receipt of Magazine will be heard no more.)

SANDUSKY, MICH., Sept. 6, 1907.
THOS. E. WATSON, Thomson, Ga.

My Dear Sir:—Your favor of the 2nd inst. received, and shall gladly insert advertisement in the *Farmer* Sept. 13th, paid.

I take this opportunity to remark that I have ever admired your courageous spirit in the treatment of questions and live public affairs. It is a long, hard battle, this "fighting for that that one believes right," and although even little seems to be accomplished, good seed is being sown and the harvest is sure to come. You and I may not be of the gleaners, but it is consoling to believe that those yet to come may gather the sheaves of absolute political and industrial freedom.

Could you spare the time and thought to over your signature write for the columns of the *Farmer* about one column, summarily treating the farmers' industrial condition; what they have so far accomplished through organization and what the prospects are for their future? I should then editorially comment on it, with the view to enthuse our farmers.

Yours very sincerely,

FRED R. MARVIN,
of Sanilac County *Farmer,* Mich.

CHICAGO, ILL., Sept. 14, 1907.
HON. THOMAS E. WATSON, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—The blue label on my *Jeffersonian Weekly* indicates that my subscription expires the 1st of October, while the Magazine does not expire till the December number. Please continue the Weekly, and I will send in the $2.00 for the two as per your offer, about the first of October.

To say the least, Mr. Watson, I am well pleased with your publications. I have all your books, and have read as far as possible everything you have ever written. I want to support you, even though I cannot flatter you with the hope or belief that you will ever be our president, but you can be right, and that is a thing that too few of us interest ourselves in as much as it behooves an American citizen to do.

So go on in your good work. I have taken your Magazine from the first issue of the New York Magazine till this date, and I can see wherein you have gradually scaled the walls of political bigotry, until Presidents, Senators, Congressmen, State Governors, would be's and political flunkies in general are copying after you. That is a better record than Grover made,—a better record in the sight of God, and good men.

I have endeavored to induce scores of news stands here to handle your publications, and I think I have succeeded in a number of instances, for in my prowling about for books and magazines I frequently see your works in evidence.

You have many warm friends in Chicago, and your books are known among

all literary men I meet in my rounds, with newspaper men and lecturers.

If ever you have occasion to be in Chicago, drop out to my residence here, and make yourself at home, and we will have an old time chat, while the wife, who is a warm friend of yours through your writings, is preparing as fine a meal as you could get "at Delmonico's with Brisbane."

J. H. Camp.
Lecturer and Journalist.
2270 W. 25th St.

Republican Crimes.

The July number of Watson's Magazine contains an article on the folly of loaning the people's money to the National banks without interest, when there is a surplus in the Treasury. The article charges that honesty would require that the people's money should be used to pay off the country's debt and relieve the people, instead of giving it to the banks without interest. No doubt that is true, but why should we allow National Banks to bond the people to redeem National Bank notes when National greenbacks cost the tax-payers nothing but the paper they were written on, and was secured by all the taxable property in the country and could not fail to pay debts, because being legal tenders, while National Bank notes are not and in case of panic would not pay debts. The country is then paying the banks six per cent for the use of money that they ought to get without any cost, and money that would not fail in case of panic. The point made against loaning money to the banks without interest is well taken, and shows the rascality of the Republican party, in all its organization, but retirement of the greenbacks and the adoption of the National Bank system was wholesale robbery, even more barefaced than is a protective tariff, which robs the people in order to enrich the protected steel companies, and other manufacturers. It seems to me if such men as Watson, Lafollette and the Senator recently elected in Wisconsin, old General Weaver and Governor Hanley of Indiana would get together in 1908 that the Tafts, Roosevelts, and Cortelyous would have no more chance of success than the Belmonts, Taggarts, Depews, Platts or Cannons. The system of paying interest on bank note debts is the most stupendous swindle ever perpetrated on a people, and then loaning them back to the bank again without interest, to draw two interests, is one more outrage.

J. D. Porter,
Of Illinois.

Lapine, La., Aug., 1907.

Hon. T. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—Your reply to F. H. Foreman of Mercersburg, Pa., in the August number of your Magazine induced this communication.

In said reply you stated that "we Pops stand as we have always stood—for the money of the Constitution, gold, silver and paper," and in conclusion you stated that we had to "go way back and sit down." Now, Mr. Watson, I am a Pop of the Pops, and have labored more abundantly than many who call themselves Pops and are not; and am able to see why "we had to go way back and sit down."

It was because we had not learned our lessons well.

The problems we had under consideration were: money, land and transportation. We thought we had them solved; but not so. We contended for the ratio of 16 to 1 and a supplemental issue of paper money, as a proper solution of the money problem. We were remanded back to our seats. Since we have had time for reflection we have discovered that the solution must be divested of all mineral and metallic substances, and there is where we stand now on that question.

Yours for paper currency,
L. W. Beard.

Wharton Barker Outlines a New Political Party.

In an open letter sent yesterday to President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, Wharton Barker, the well known economist, outlines the principles of a new political party, which, he says, must be established.

Following is Mr. Barker's letter.

My Dear Dr. Butler:—I have read with great interest your interview published today on the political situation the demands of the people create. It is obvious that neither the Republican nor the Democratic party responds to or corresponds with the demands of the people, and as almost all of the machinery of the two old parties is in control of the "stand-pat" clique, I do not believe that either can plant itself on grounds the majority of the people stand upon in time for the national campaign in 1908 and that therefore the break-up of the two old parties is inevitable. Of course, this break-up will be preceded by a public statement of those who will organize a new political party on the principles this party of the American people must stand upon.

LAYS DOWN NEW PRINCIPLES.

The cardinal principles of this new party are fixed by the situation the money oligarchy has made. They are:

1. Honest elections. Such can only be had by the enactment and enforcement of laws that will punish those who buy and sell votes, those who furnish money with which to buy votes at general elections, to buy votes of legislators, executives and to corrupt courts, with fines, long imprisonment and perpetual disfranchisement.

2. Direct legislation, to the end that the people shall be able to govern themselves, veto the acts of their representatives who may prove unfaithful to their trust, become their own legislators if their representatives refuse to carry out their will.

3. National money in sufficient quantities to maintain stability and to conduct the business of the country without the squeeze now experienced. Withdrawal of bank money so that the power to create booms and panic now in the hands of the bankers can be put an end to.

4. Transportation. As almost all the activities of the nation depend upon the railroads, they must be operated on a basis that will at all times meet the demands of the people for transportation of persons and commodities without delay and at prices that will maintain and operate the property to the highest efficiency and pay an interest, equitable, upon a capitalization equal to the cost of reproduction of the properties; pay nothing upon the fictitious capital issued in the noxious ways known to railroad men and to bankers for forty years. This fictitious capitalization amounts to $8,000,000,000; the actual cost of the 217,000 miles of railroad line does not exceed $6,000,000,000.

5. Capitalization. Corporations that have public franchises, such as steam and trolley railways, gas and electric light companies, must be capitalized at the actual cost of production, and not at the cost of production plus values of public franchises.

6. Trusts. Combinations of capital called trusts that rest upon public franchises, freight discrimination and rate protection must be dealt with. Those that are monopolies of traffic must be public, not private, monopolies; those that rest upon discriminations must be destroyed; those that rest upon tariff protection must have that protection taken from them.

TARIFF FOR PROTECTION.

7. Tariff. Tariff protection must be maintained with vigor against those nations in which the people live upon a lower scale than do the American people; against those nations in which the purchasing value of the American dollar of needed commodities is greater than in our country, as in China, Japan and many European countries. Above all, tariffs must be imposed for protection and not for revenue.

All those articles, natural and manufactured, which our people can properly

produce must be protected to the point of equalization of wages and capital, and all those articles, natural and manufactured, which our people do not produce, and which it is not to their interest to produce, must be put on the free list, for tariffs, for revenue and not for protection, are intolerable.

8. Taxation. Indirect taxation must be abolished and direct taxation established in its place. Wealth accumulated, not man, must be taxed. Income of accumulated wealth and earnings upon a fixed sum, say $2,000 per annum, must be taxed for national purposes, and wealth accumulated taxed for state and local purposes.

9. Labor. Those who work for wages and salary, the producers of wealth, must receive the same protection under the laws for their wages and salaries that capital receives for its profits, and strikes by organized labor must be recognized as legitimate so long as property is unassailed, and wages and salaries of the low grade must be fixed by law on the basis of general level of prices of commodities necessary for the maintenance of life and for decent living, and this fixing of minimum limit of wages can surely be determined under the law as maximum rate for use of money is now fixed.

10. Land. Public lands must be sold only to those who will occupy and use them, and private lands now unoccupied and unused must be made subject to purchase upon valuation appraisers for purposes of taxation put upon it, and in turn sold to those who will occupy and use them, thus insuring to all our people lands sufficient to rear a habitation upon.

NO FOREIGN ALLIANCES.

11. Foreign alliances. The demand of Washington to keep out of foreign-entangling alliances must be maintained and enlarged so that treaties ratified by the Senate, for establishment of such alliances, will be prohibited, and all private arrangements and "gentlemen's agreements" of modern days substituted for official alliances be impossible.

12. Expansion of trade. The United States must offer free trade in the shape of commercial union to all American nations and to all American dependencies of European nations agreeing to a common tariff against European and Asiatic nations, and a fair distribution among them of customs receipts, should there be any, thus securing America for Americans.

13. The Philippines. The United States to at once grant independence to the Filipino people, asking no payment for expenditures since occupation and annexation, when China, Japan and the great European nations join with the United States in guaranteeing independence for one hundred years.

14. The centralization of power. The several states of the union must not have the rights guaranteed them by the constitution of the United States impaired in any way, to the end that home rule in its broadest sense may be possible.

I believe the majority of the American people will greet with satisfaction the enunciation of such a declaration of principles by a new political party, and I believe they will at the national election of 1908 support fit candidates for President and Vice-President and members of Congress standing upon such a platform.

I will thank you to send me such comment upon the platform I suggest as you are willing to make. I have the honor, my dear Dr. Butler, to remain,

Yours very truly,

WHARTON BARKER.

A Happy Man.

I sometimes get happy, and happiness is a good thing if it is the result of good. And a good thing has made me happy this time, in fact it is a good thing all the time and every time it comes and it keeps coming and so just keeps on making me happy. My mother and all the good books I ever read and the preachers, always told me to share my good things with others. And I like to do that.

The good thing I here refer to is WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE. It

stands alone in the whole realm of magazine making, just as its distinguished editor and publisher stands alone as a thinker, writer, political economist and statesman. Other magazines and newspapers, in the main, *follow* public sentiment, right or wrong; but both of Mr. Watson's publications educate and *create* public sentiment, on *right* lines, and thus lead the people aright.

I like *facts*. I don't care how cold or hot they are, but give us the facts and the devil cannot deceive us. The JEFFERSONIAN is doing that all the time. No matter how the wind blows or the weather changes, the bow of Mr. Watson's boat points the same way all the time. Back yonder when the political weather changed and the place hunters all shifted helm and "scudded" before the storm, Mr. Watson faced the breakers and the weather-cock demagogues delivered enough funeral orations over him to kill him, but he survived the change of weather and the funerals, and is today the livest statesman on Georgia or American soil. And to change the figure, if Mr. Watson were a fisherman, I should say he had his bait gourd full of the fellows who squirmed and wormed around him in the by-gone years, and when he wants to land an issue he sticks on a big one and flings him in the pond and the way they bite is a sight and a funny one, too.

Public sentiment is like Jowers said about his mule: "He would not *lead* in, so I took and *backed* him in, and I got him *in* too." The way the good old Democratic party is coming up the road on Populist principles, reminds me of what the Irishman said of the elephants in the circus parade: "An' here cooms the whole caboodle, back'ards." My little boy found a peculiar worn and whooped at me: "Popper! popper! Here's a worm that walks first on one end and then on t'other. Come and look at him and tell me which end is his head on!" And it looks to me now like the anti-trust forces of this country have got together, like the boy's worm, and are walking first on one end and then on t'other, but we can't tell yet which end is head. By the last move in Georgia we can see that one end moved and the other followed, and the head leads.

All history proves the fact that, the only really successful man is he who follows the RIGHT. To some the reward comes in their lifetime, to others victory comes and builds monuments over their ashes, but in life or death, these men and these alone, succeed.

I believe God calls his preachers, his prophets, his warriors, his statesmen. I believe in a universal Providence over men and nations. God reigns, and it is the faith that reposes in Him that finds its rich reward. He who amid the toils, and turmoils of this life and time can look the blackest storm and darkest night in the face and know that high above the stars are serene and bright and the sun is shining, and so hold on his way through the darkness and the tempest, that man shall enter the harbor of a gladsome day and anchor serene beyond the reach of storms and darkness.

It may seem like a long jump from the premise to the conclusion, but I think the facts warrant me in saying that, any educational system which undermines men's faith in "old time religion" and the Bible of the fathers and mothers, or which builds its morals on evolution or its political economy upon selfishness and expediency, will and must produce a race of moral degenerates who will, if they can, rob God and men of all that is good and noble and true to serve their selfish purposes. And if our educators, our real statesmen, our real friends, in this Southland will examine the literature, the moral science, the political economy and the theology held and practiced by those who manipulate States and the nation for cash and exploit conquered nations for gain, they will find the dry rot of false education runs through the whole fabric. The ethics of the Republican party is pagan, not Christian. As for the ethics of the Democratic party, as a party, it has none.

And here is where the JEFFERSONIAN is hitting tremendous licks for good. It is educating our people aright. Its morals are sound. Its theology rings like a bugle blast from Sinai and Calvary. What, *theology* in this Magazine? Certainly. Of course. Running through it from cover to cover, I see in every issue the bright, golden thread of righteousness. The editorials are not only classic, they are in harmony with law and justice, but yet more they rise to the realm of mercy and draw the mind up the slope toward the place where One suffered and died for all others! "Under the Trucks," in last issue is a sermon, from whose weighty words I see the flashes of the fires of Sinai and hear the moan and see the tears of the widow and orphan. The story "Ann Boyd" is not only fascinating, it holds the attention and rivets great moral lessons in the mind at every stroke.

But I beg pardon!

When I see a man set his face toward the right and battle for it day and night, through cloud and sunshine, winter and summer, adversity and prosperity, ostracism and popularity, minority and majority, from sunny youth to the "silver threads among the gold," and after all still battle for it, with mind and heart, tongue and pen, money and measures, and with his children's children hanging on his knees still bend his laden back to the burden and yet look up to heaven and smile with radiant hope and loyal loving heart, I believe in that man, I love him and thank God for him, and want to stand by him and bless him and his work. To honor him is not flattery. And when I say that Mr. Watson is such a man I mean to tell the truth exactly as I believe it, without flattery. Beside him I know no man in America who has suffered as much for what he believed right in the whole political arena; beside him I know no man who has overcome so many difficulties and won by honest merit so much success, turned his defeats into victories and conquered his enemies by sheer force of ability an tamed the savage spirit of political animosities by the hardest kind of ability and tamed the savage spirit of heart warm with the fires of philanthropy.

And I want to say two things more:

1. As a Georgian and an American I am proud of Watson. He is ours, God-given, as I believe, for a time like this; and we owe it to ourselves and to him to let him know we love and appreciate him before "the bowl is broken at the fountain," "or ever the silver cord is loosed."

2. I deny that modesty forbids him to refuse to publish these sincere words from a friend, or words like them from other friends. We have a right to express our views and feelings in the JEFFERSONIAN, and he has a right, nay a duty, to let the world, and especially the rising generation, know that a course of adherence to the right has won success, and will win success, when expediency and time-serving fails and falls into everlasting oblivion and eternal shame. It will inspire our sons and daughters to like noble endeavors and elevate the aspirations of the incoming generation to higher ideals and a nobler life. The wreath is his, justly and fairly won, and though it may flush the manly face and crimson the cheeks so often smitten, figuratively, by hatred and malice, yet he ought and he must wear it. And though his modest mind and hand may cast it aside, the time will come, if not before, when though the hands which refuse today are folded and cold, and the heart that throbs with philanthropic impulses may be still—the time will come, I say, when other hands and other hearts will move and throb and place the chaplet on the breast of him who was too modest and sensitive to allow love to crown him in life. If we must wait, we will, but he must know now that the whole land is ready to tell him and all men how much we love him and how we delight to honor him.

J. A. SCARBORO.

Summit, Ga., Sept. 2, 1907.

THE COUNTRY TOWN. A study of Rural Evolution. By Wilbert L. Anderson. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York.

An unusually fine work. The range of research evidenced, the carefulness and clearness of statement, the depth of insight shown give the book a charm rarely possessed by "studies" of this character.

The author makes a plea for country life, and life in the country town, as distinguished from life in the great cities.

Beautifully he says, concluding his splendid volume, "This country town of our hopes is no Utopia in far seas, no inaccessible city in the sun, but a human development actually taking place before our eyes,—a divine society wrought out of the vicissitudes of men in the painful process of evolution. Though the eye that watches grows weary and the heart that hopes for it faints, yet the swift years will bring that social triumph; and when at last men look upon its full beauty and joy, multitudes will be found dwelling near to nature,—ultimate felicity retaining the primal gladness of a country life."

THE CITY, the Hope of Democracy. By Frederick C. Howe, Ph. D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

This volume, as the author states, "is an attempt at the economic interpretation of the city. The author holds that the corruption, the indifference, the incompetence of the official and the apathy of the citizen, the disparity of wealth, the poverty, vice, crime, and disease, are due to causes economic and industrial. They are traceable to our institutions."

"Relief is possible through a change in our laws, in an increase in the positive agencies of the Government. . . The worst evils under which America suffers are traceable to laws creating special privileges."

The author's idea is that in cities, democracy will most swiftly win its way against the aristocracy of privilege, because in cities the people are capable of being more quickly aroused, educated and organized.

"JOHNNY REB AND BILLY YANK." By Alexander Hunter. The Neale Pub. Co., New York and Washington.

At the time South Carolina seceded from the Union, December, 1860, the author was a student in attendance upon one of the Virginia colleges.

At the beginning of the war, he volunteered as a private, and he was one of the very few soldiers who kept a diary throughout the Civil War.

The large volume to which Mr. Hunter, with questionable judgment, gave the title already mentioned, contains the completest and we believe the most realistic picture of war times that is to be found in print. There are 710 pages, and they constitute a vast storehouse of Civil War incidents, reflections, experiences, ranging from lightest comedy to deepest tragedy, and from personal trivialities to matters of mighty and permanent importance. The soldier's life in the camp, on the march, on the battle-field, in prison—Mr. Hunter knew it all and told it all. He had measured every height of a soldier's joy, exultation and pride, and sounded every depth of a soldier's sufferings, hardships,

trials, and mortifications, and he could put it into a book because it was in his mind, and on his heart.

What he says of Bull Run, Second Manassas, Seven Pines, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, Sharpsburg, and Gettysburg is intensely interesting, *and most of it new.*

His details about Jeb Stuart, Stonewall Jackson, Lee, Davis and other historic figures; his description of "War Times in Richmond," his revelations of Confederate mistakes and mismanagement are all absorbingly interesting.

If I may without offence offer a suggestion to the author, it would be this: Condense the volume to not more than 500 pages, and republish under some such name as "A Confederate Soldier's Story of the Great Civil War."

Then, in my judgment, the book would sell by the hundred thousand.

"Johnny Reb" is not a good book title, and as for "Billy Yank," such a name was certainly not in general use. "Yank" sounds familiar enough, but "Billy" does not.

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CONSTRUCTIVE DEMOCRACY. By William E. Smythe. The Macmillan Company, New York, publishers.

As a motto the author quotes De Tocqueville's maxim, "The Remedy for the Evils of Democoracy is MORE DEMOCRACY."

In the Part I of the book, Mr. Smythe sketches the Evolution of Plutocracy, the Misrule of the Almighty Dollar, the Impotency of Political Parties, the Revolutionary Remedy — Socialism — the Unripe Fruit of Socialism, and the Points of Pressure,—which are Monopolies, Political Corruption, the strained relations between Capital and Labor, and "the large and growing element of men and women who find them *Surplus* in an economic sense.

In his Part II the author discusses Remedies. He says, "The Declaration of Independence is a chart by which the nation may always find its way to the harbor of liberty, safely avoiding the shoals of religious tyranny, of political despotism, and even of economic oppression. Nothing can be right which conflicts with the changeless principles enunciated by the fathers; nothing can be wrong which gives them new vigor and effect."

Of course, the central idea is that "the equality of men," carried to its logical results would sweep away Special Privilege—and PRIVILEGE *is the thing that is ruining us.*

Mr. Smythe, if we understand him, contends that the Trust has shown the nation the true pathway to salvation. Only, the methods of the Trust in perfecting the processes of production and lessening cost thereof has worked for private gain, whereas the same thing should be done by the nation for its own good.

How to cure the ills of Democracy with MORE DEMOCRACY, Mr. Smythe states,—"National control of corporations engaged in interstate commerce, fixed taxes, preferably on gross receipts; fixed dividends on present valuation; the retention by society of the increased earnings and values to arise in the future, such increase to be applied to better service, higher wages, lower prices—in a word to the elevation of the common standard of living."

In other words, the author believes in commercial consolidation, after the manner of the Trust but for the benefit of all the people, instead of for a few.

To Hon. Francis G. Newlands, the progressive statesman of the West, the author pays high tribute. The practical irrigation bill which Senator Newlands pushed through Congress in 1901 is one of the noblest triumphs of constructive statesmanship; and if he can succeed in having Congress adopt his railroad proposition, that vexed question would be settled on a basis which would probably be satisfactory to a majority of the American people.

On the whole, *"Constructive Democracy"* must be accepted as one of the most illuminating and enlightening books that deal with up-to-date problems and conditions.

IN THE CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT.

Strange to say, our friends seem to prefer to work for book premiums rather than for cash prizes. Only three entries have been made for the contest, and therefore it is called off.

Thirty per cent is a liberal commission, and the canvasser who is energetic makes good money, regardless of prizes.

Hereafter, we cannot allow any commission on the $2.00 combination offer. Some of our agents got so gay that they took half of the $2.00, sent us the other half, and ordered us to send both the Magazine and the paper to the subscriber, for one year.

At 50 cents a year for the Magazine and a like amount for the weekly paper, the road to bankruptcy was blazed out very plainly.

The $2.00 offer was never intended as an agency proposition, at all. It was meant to be a concession to *the voluntary subscriber who sent in his own order, and subscribed to both* JEFFERSONIANS *at the same time.*

Henceforth, the $2.00 combination rate will not apply, *except in such cases.* Subscribers should *know* the man they are dealing with, or demand some show of *credentials* before paying a canvasser. Many sharpers get money by pretending to be agents. There are certain parties who have taken subscriptions to the JEFFERSONIANS which the JEFFERSONIANS have never got.

Remember our book premium offers: also our clubbing propositions with the *Taylor-Trotwood Magazine, The Union News, Bryan's Commoner, the Dixieland Magazine, the Missouri World,* and the *Cosmopolitan Magazine.* The latter is Mr. Hearst's New York magazine, and it holds a place second to none of the great metropolitan magazines.

The price of the two magazines, JEFFERSONIAN and *Cosmopolitan,* will be $2.00 *net.* No commissions.

Don't forget the bound volumes of the JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE. We have had only 287 volumes of the first six numbers bound. Price $2.00. As a premium it will be sent prepaid for five subscribers to the *Weekly Jeffersonian,* or four to the Magazine.

Then we have another beautiful book composed of the first three numbers of WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE. Of these we have 2,200. Price $1.50. As a premium, it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of four subscribers to the *Weekly Jeffersonian,* or three subscribers to the JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.

Friends to the two JEFFERSONIANS will be doing them a service if they will send lists of names for sample copy distribution.

And renewals are always in order.

* * * * * *

Owing to the strenuous work that had to be done in other directions, the Andrew Jackson chapter could not be prepared for this number of the Magazine. The story will be resumed in the December issue.

SAY OF OTHER EDITORS.

How Our Tariff Helps the Foreigner.

Referring to the chronic complaint that American manufacturers in protected industries regularly sell their products more cheaply abroad than at home, the New York *Evening Mail* says: "The fact is, as our own columns attest, that that is the way of commerce everywhere. Protection does not affect the matter at all." Courtesy requires us to credit—or shall we say discredit?—our New York contemporary with sincerity in that very remarkable utterance. But the old plea of Republican organs and a few politicians was to squarely deny that such sales were made. Year after year the exasperating practice went on, the sales grew rapidly in various lines, and the discrepancy between the domestic and foreign prices increased, and all the time the organs and stand-pat politicians kept on denying. Finally they confessed to working off a limited surplus of products in that way in order to avoid shutting down their works and discharging their employes.

But the plain, proven truth is that millions on millions of our exported manufactures that are sold in Europe at prices far below the home rates are manufactured to be thus disposed of. We have not space nor is there any necessity for a general review of this subject, but we will point to our great exportations of American watches as a fair example of this unfairness. Is not the *Evening Mail* aware that enterprising merchants in New York have agents in London who regularly buy our watches for reshipment to New York, where they are sold at a handsome profit in competition with dealers who buy the same kind of watches in the home market? Is that "the way of commerce everywhere?" Is the *Evening Mail* quite sure that "protection does not affect the matter at all?" Indeed, is not protection—the abuse of protection—solely responsible for this phase of the American watch trade? And this is one of many similar abuses.—*Washington Post.*

The Thread Trust.

Referring to the advance in the price of a spool of thread, the Louisville (Ky.) *Post* says:

"The announcement has recently been made of the advancement of spool thread to six cents, and in some cases to seven. The further announcement is made that there will be other advances until spool thread is sold at retail for ten cents. There is no profit in spool thread to the retail merchants. It is sold to the consumer at about cost. The profit goes to the spool thread trust. Years ago Coates' spool thread was the standard, then Clark's, after long years of competition, then other factories, until there has been a consolidation into the 'American Thread Company.' These thread factories have been the children of the tariff, so far as America is concerned, though they always had their partners in England, Coates being an English concern from the beginning, and Clark as well. Under the McKinley act of 1890, the duty on cotton thread was seven cents on every dozen spools. Under the Gorman-Wilson act, the duty was reduced to 5½ cents a dozen, and under the Dingley tariff, now in force, the duty was put to six cents a dozen on cotton thread, containing

not more than one hundred yards to the spool. Cotton thread is usually two hundred yards to the spool, so it makes one cent the tax for a spool of two hundred yards. The cormorants are not satisfied with this, so they organized a trust to destroy competition and put the prices up to suit themselves."

The Thread Trust is presumably one of Roosevelt's "good" trusts. He has had more or less to say in favor of "good" trusts, and inasmuch as the thread barons rob only the poor sewing women of the big cities, who have to furnish their own thread, the thread trust is no doubt a very immaculate institution in Roosevelt's eyes, and should be "regulated" only by its friends. And still there are hundreds of newspapers clamoring for tariff revision and at the same time advocating the re-election of the two-faced hypocrite and trust tool, knowing that under him, the tariff would not be revised in a thousand years if he could prevent it.

Not long ago we heard a woman giving her local merchant a terrible going over because she had been compelled to pay a cent more for a spool of thread than she had been in the habit of paying. She blamed it all to her local merchant. We tried to convince her that her merchant was as innocent of blame for the increased price as an unborn babe, but we couldn't do it. We pity her.

But the woman who is still more to be pitied is the one whose lying thief of a husband stuffs her head and the heads of his innocent children with the false notion that Roosevelt is a friend to the poor. The man who will do this is false to his own flesh and blood, and should be fed to the guillotine.—*Donham's Doings.*

Rockefeller's Father.

The mystery surrounding the whereabouts of John D. Rockefeller's father, still living at 94; the mystery of why his mother was buried as a "widow" in 1889; the mystery of why Mr. Rockefeller never refers to his father's early help or present existence, made the long account published of the unavailing search for the older man as engrossing as a romance. It is a romance of American life, unfinished. The reporter who will discover the now old man, who was a horse trader and quack doctor, and who gave John D. his first $1,000 with the remark: "Hold on to this, my son, for I will get it back if I can," can have the first page and big scare heads on the biggest daily in the United States to print his story. Where is the father of John D. Rockefeller? One thing is certain. The old man never got that $1,000 back.—*Investigator.*

Governor Glenn of North Carolina is not to be frightened by threats as to the effect the enforcement of the law may have upon the "business interests of the country." In a newspaper interview Governor Glenn says: "I have no patience with this cry that the legislation in our own State and elsewhere in the South along these lines is going to retard the development of the South by frightening capital, hurting the railroads, and, in effect, killing the goose that lays the golden egg. I am an industrial governor. Only recently a prominent man wrote to me asking what my position was on questions in which capital was interested. I told him, as I have told others before, that I was an industrial governor. I have always made it a point to protect capital and protect the railroads from anything that was unfair. But when the railroads try to run us, then it is time to call a halt."—*The Commoner.*

No wonder the Adams Express Co., with Senator Platt at its head, is

opposed to a parcels post. Besides paying ten per cent dividends on $12,000,000 worth of bonds, heretofore issued gratis to its stockholders, it cut another juicy watermelon a few weeks ago that lets in light on its phenomenal earnings. It issued $24,000,000 more bonds, or two hundred per cent on its capital stock, and these are handed around to its fortunate stockholders who are now drawing dividends at ten per cent on $36,000,000. When the people have the privilege of sending packages by mail at fair rates, it will act like an operation for blood-letting on this bloated monopoly, which won't have near so much pie to distribute at its annual roundups. But a parcels post bill will never get through Congress until a few superannuated statesmen are retired from the Senate and their places given to friends of the people. —*The American Farmer.*

Railroad Justice In France.

That they do some things very much better in France would be the verdict of the American traveller on reading how a passenger over there succeeded in getting even with a railroad.

This passenger, who may yet be canonized by commuters, brought suit against the French road because his train was three hours late from Paris to Madrid, and he was thereby subjected to "great annoyance."

In awarding the passenger damages the Court held that a railroad timetable constituted a contract between the road and the passenger, and that the road was liable for failure to maintain its schedule.

What consternation such a view would create over here! What a hurrying and skurrying around the Grand Central when five or ten thousand commuters were being held up! What a sudden cessation of contempt for the worm commuter who might turn and demand a stunning aggregate of damages for breaches of schedule! —*The American.*

Judge Jones and the Code of Ethics as Adapted by the State Bar Association.

We understand that Judge Jones has the credit of the code of Ethics that has been adopted by the State Bar Association. In many respects, it is a valuable document and a very fine guide. Right now we should be permitted to suggest that another code of Ethics is needed especially since a very fine lesson of Ethics was handed out to Judge Jones by Attorney-General Garber last Saturday, who announced to the Judge that the reason that he did not appear before him on the matters of dispute between the State and the railroads was because of the Judge's opinion, which had already been printed and published in pamphlet form. That he considered that opinion a settlement of the law so far as Judge Jones was concerned, and that there was no necessity for the State's attorneys to appear. That was indeed a lesson on Ethics this lawyer did hand out to that Judge.

Of course if Judge Jones can find a precedent for his remarkable handed down opinion before the State could be heard on the matter we will be glad to learn of it in order that the author of the code of Ethics might be set aright on this matter.

We regret that Judge Jones has not shown that calm judicial frame of mind that usually characterizes him when deciding matters between parties litigant. We are now of the opinion another code of Ethics should be written. The lawyers have a very fine code of Ethics.—The Ozark, Ala., *Tribune.*

(NOTE: We wish every boy and girl in the United States could read

carefully and weigh well, the beautiful editorial which we clip from Henry Watterson's *Courier-Journal.*)

Roses of Yesterday.

An order issued by the Keystone Telephone Company of Philadelphia prohibiting operators from using the word "please" and requesting patrons ta abandon it, occasions melancholy reflections upon the part of the Boston *Globe* as to the passing of politeness. Grant and Buckner, at Fort Donelson, according to the *Globe,* doubtless wasted too much time when they signed their communications, regarding "unconditional and immediate surrender," in the old-fashioned style writing "your very obedient servant" before their signatures.

The elimination of "please" from the exchange of requests and answers over the telephone does not necessarily mean a lessening of courtesy between patron and operator. In fact that vocabulary contains no word that can be made more exasperating than "please," if the patron is perspiring in an ill-ventilated telephone booth and urging a perspiring operator to accomplish an impossible feat without the loss of a moment's time. If dropping one word will facilitate service—and it is not probable that it will, since the tongue is too unruly to limit itself to the fewest possible words under excitement—it may be very well to eliminate it. In any event the order is not intentionally, or in its probable effect a step in the direction of a further departure from the old ideals of courtesy. It is however, a fact that the Twentieth century American is not as polite to women or to men as was the Eighteenth or Nineteenth century man.

In New York, Chicago, Boston and many other American centers of population and scenes of hurry there are constant complaints of discourtesy between men and discourtesy to women upon street cars, in elevators. London inherits the traditions of chivalry and should still retain at least a decent degree of consideration for women, but a London periodical of recent date declares that Englishmen are falling into the American custom of forgetting to give seats to women in crowded public conveyances and grudging the effort of lifting their hats in the manner that indicates chivalric sentiments toward the sex rather than to evidence the recognition of a disagreeable duty.

Politeness never consumes as much time as it is worth, and there is never a valid excuse for discourtesy upon the score of hurry. The man who barely touches his hat in a manner that is a compromise between a soldier's salute and an undergraduate's greeting of a passing classmate will dawdle over his luncheon during business hours or spend the afternoon at the baseball game. No business man is so tired from his strenuous and multifarious labors that he must husband his depleted vitality by reading his newsppaer and taking care not to see the woman who stands in the aisle of the street car. To ascribe rudeness to rush is to make a poor excuse for boorishness. To explain it upon the score of weariness is, to say the least, unmanly. And, by the way, it is noticeable that the laboring man in his overalls, with the sweat of his brow in evidence, is more inclined to offer his seat in a street car to a woman than is the man who sits in his office when he is not sitting in his club or his home or his favorite cafe.

Some of the graceful customs of a few generations ago, have, quite naturally, become roses of yesterday. We cannot expect the stilted language of the billet-doux of our grandfathers to be spoken into the telephone by the modern young man who is making an engagement for the opera or the ball, but the simple courtesies that make a journey down town

an agreeable excursion rather than a fight for life and limb are easy of performance and add much to the joy of living.

Happily there is still some courtesy extant in Southern cities, but the South should not rest upon her few and fading laurels. There should be a rivalry between men to perpetuate the observance of some of the courtesies for which the old South was famous. It makes little difference whether we say "please" to the telephone operator, if the request is made in tones indicating a desire to be considerate of a much-abused and much-harassed and much-overworked bread-winner, but when we are in too great a hurry to remove our hats when greeting a lady we should reward industry and ambition by hiring worthy assistants. When we are too tired to give a seat in a car to a woman we should go home in a cab or an ambulance or sit upon the curbstone for a while and rest before entering the car.

Courtesy is the lubricant that makes the complex machinery of civilized life run without friction. When it is abandoned the loss to society is greater than any possible gain to selfish individuals.

Wealth of the French Religious Orders.

The following are the official figures taken from the latest report by the *Express* of Liege.

The list drawn up by the government gives us these sums as the value, in francs (five to the dollar) of the real estate owned by the female religious orders in France:

Sisters of Charity	fr.3,700,000
Sisters In Bon-Secours	3,919,000
Sisters of Providence	6,121,000
Sisters of St. Andrew	6,893,000
Dames of St. Maur	7,775,000
Sisters of Our Lady of Charity	8,090,000
Sisters of St. Charles	10,778,000
Daughters of Virtue	13,759.000
Little Sisters of the Poor	27,090,000
Dames of the Sacred Heart	32,584,000
Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul	63,680,000

For the orders composed of men the following figures are given:

Brethren of the Sacred Heart	fr.3,265,000
Dominicans	3,290,000
Endists	3,466.000
Brothers of St. Gabriel	4,141,000
Capucins	4,778,700
Chartreux	5,386,000
Marists	6,593,390
Brethren of Christian Instruction	7,360,540
Marianist Brethren	10,800.660
Trappists	11,127,480
Jesuits	48,325,480

To close the list we must mention the humble and disinterested Brethren of the Christian Schools who own but a beggarly 85,947,035—Poor devils, truly!—*Truth Seeker,* N. Y.

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